

The Canadian
COURIER
 THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Is Canada
 Blocking Imperial Unity ?

By NORMAN PATTERSON



Mexico and Its People

Special Character Photographs



The Bird of Good Fortune

STORY By BEN DEACON



The Conviviality of Drinking

By H. F. WEST

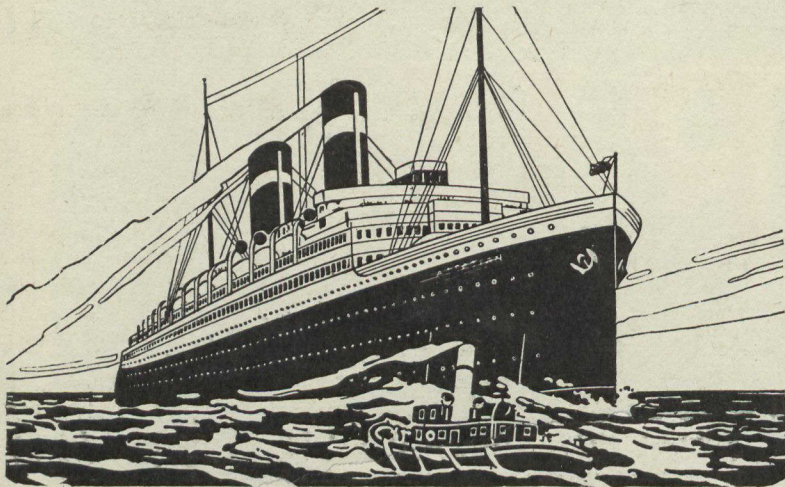


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Small Choice.—Pat: "Yis, sorr, wur-rk is scarce, but Oi got a job last Sunday that brought me foive dollars."

Mr. Goodman: "What! you broke the Sabbath?"

Pat (apologetically): "Well, sorr, 'twas wan av us had t' be broke."—Boston Transcript.

Too Big a Chance.—The magistrate had asked all of the customary questions, about taking "this man" or "this woman" for a lawful, wedded companion, and about "promising to love, honor, and obey." The ceremony was finished. The couple were married. The bridegroom, a western Kentuckian, started to reach for his wallet. Then he stopped. "Squire," he said, "I got a proposition to make to ye. I'll give you \$2 now or I'll wait six months and give you what I think my wife's worth then, even if it's \$200." The magistrate looked at the bride for a moment. "I believe I'll take the \$2 now," he said.

Pass the Vinegar.—A gaily gowned and garrulous housemaid sat down by an acquaintance on a trolley and at once said: "Hello, Sadie! Where you livin' now?"

"Nowheres," was the reply.

"How's that?"

"I'm married."

"You ain't!"

"Sure thing. Look at that!"

She held up her ungloved left hand in triumph; for there on the third finger was a shining new wedding ring.

Staring at it in wonder for a moment, the other girl asked, "Well, who got stung?"—Associated Sunday Magazines.

The Fisherman.

Cautious, at morn, he lies about the pool,
His rod and line a-swish;
Boldly, at eve, astride a tavern stool,
He lies about his fish.

—Harvard Lampoon.

Going Some.—"Miss Gluck only arrived in London from New York after a tour in America earlier in the morning, and proceeded to Richmond to rest."—Times.

Which she must have wanted after her busy morning.—Punch.

Wanted a Change.—"How is your wife this morning, Uncle Henry?"

"Well, I dunno. She's failin' dretful slow. I do wish she'd git well, or somethin'."—Puck.

Wanted a Little Praise Himself.—Following a disastrous fire in a Western city, many men and women gathered to look at the ruins. Some of the men, seeing that a wall near which they were standing was toppling, made haste to get out of the way, and narrowly escaped being crushed.

Johnny Brabison, a good Irish citizen, was so near the wall that he could not escape with the others. So, whirling about, he made for a door in the wall, burst through it, and came out on the other side safe, and evidently very proud of his exploit. Women who had shut their eyes and shrieked when they saw his danger now gathered round him in great joy, and cried out:

"Praise heaven, Johnny Brabison! Down on your knees, and thank heaven!"

"Yis, yis," said he, "and I will, but wasn't it injaneyous in me, now?"—Youth's Companion.

Cause for Excitement.—A minister, spending a holiday in the north of Ireland, was out walking and, feeling thirsty, called at a farmhouse for a drink of milk. The farmer's wife gave him a large bowl of milk, and while he was quenching his thirst a number of pigs got round about him. The minister noticed that the pigs were very strange in their manner, so he said: "My good lady, why are the pigs so excited?" She replied, "Shure, 'tis no wonder they're excited, sor; it's their own wee bowl yez are drinkin' out av."

Could Sympathize.—He was a long-suffering traveller on a little single-track railroad, and he complained bitterly about the lateness of the train and the irregularity of the service. The employee remonstrated in virtuous indignation. "I've been on this here line, sir," he began, "upward of eight years, and—"

"Have you, indeed?" interrupted the traveller sympathetically, "At what station did you get on?"



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The
**CANADIAN
 COURIER**
The National Weekly



Vol. XVI.

July 18, 1914

No. 7

LEADING AMATEUR EXPONENTS OF GOLF

George S. Lyon, the Famous Golf Expert of Canada, and the Men Who Went Up Against Him at Ottawa



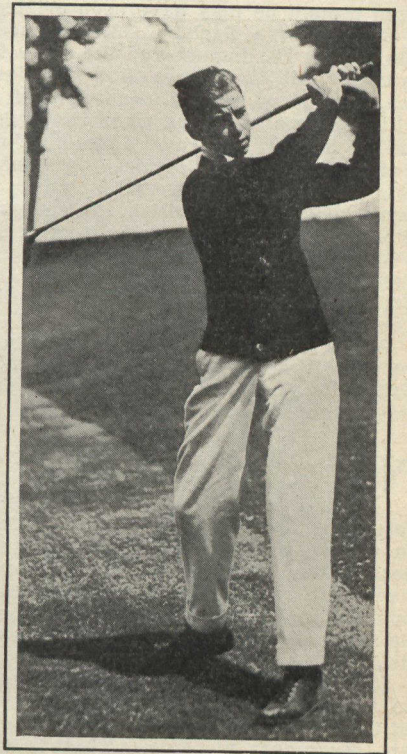
T. G. Grey, golf champion from South Africa, at the recent Ottawa Tourney.



In the championship Semi-Finals, Fritz Martin, of Hamilton, was beaten 4-3 by George Lyon, his brother-in-law.



T. B. Reith, of the Beaconsfield Club, whom Brice Evans, of Boston, beat One Up at the 38th in the Semi-Finals.



In the second Consolation, semi-finals, Brian Devlin, of Ottawa, was beaten 5-4 by Turpin, of Montreal.

As a maker of amateur sport, golf in this country has got the lead over baseball and quite holds its own with tennis. We are able to produce baseball experts who become famous for one thing or another in company with other men from mostly anywhere. When it comes to golf, we make our cross-country hero of a man who plays the most individualistic game in the world except single-scul rowing. For the eighth consecutive year, George Lyon, of the Lambton Golf Club, is the amateur champion of Canada. He retained the championship at the recent tourney in Ottawa against several of the best players from Canada and the United States.

That will do very well as a title for Lyon until international or world-wide golf furnishes him with a better one. As a matter of fact, Lyon was predetermined by nature to be the popular golf king of Canada, and in some respects the most remarkable golf player in the world; just as Ned Hanlan was picked by his star of destiny to uphold the honours of Canada in world-oarsmanship and to be the nearest thing to a miracle in the way of rowing the world ever saw.

We shall never make a popular hero of Lyon the way we did of Hanlan. Golf is not that kind of game; though at Ottawa we learn, for instance, that "the putting of both men"—meaning Lyon and Brice Evans, of Boston, whom he played out in the finals—"was sensational at times and rounds of applause broke from the gallery." The average reader who is not



George S. Lyon, of the Lambton Club, eighth time amateur golf champion of Canada.



Brice Evans, of Boston, whom Lyon defeated in the finals at the Ottawa Tournament.

a "fan" gets to understand the universal and picturesque lingo of the diamond. But only the man who reads the sporting columns with the microscopic care that the higher critic lavishes upon the Bible could ever become visibly thrilled by the ungarbled ritual that gets into print as the intelligible report of a game at golf. We understand how this language developed. It came originally from Scotland, which produced also Gaelic and the stories of Ian Maclaren.

For instance, speaking familiarly about the finals when Lyon, of Toronto, worsted Brice Evans, from the city of pure culture in Massachusetts, the correspondent said:

"In the afternoon Lyon had a medal score of 44 for the eleven holes, an average of four." So far we figure it easily. Forty-four divided by 11 makes 4. Then, "He played brilliantly throughout, and though Evans repeatedly outdrove him, Lyon excelled the American with his short play. Evans took reckless chances and lost the 27th when he used a wooden driver off the tee and tried to cross the deepest course of the ravine in one. He found a bad lie on the slope of the hazard and sliced his next into the woods, while Lyon left the tee with a carefully played mashie straight down the course and was on the green in two."

This probably contains as much malevolence as the astounding epithet applied a few days ago to Dr. J. A. Macdonald, when Sir James Whitney said the editor of the "Globe" was an "arbiter elegantiarum."

Is Canada Blocking Imperial Unity?

Recent Symptoms Seem to Show That We are Becoming Politically Cross-Eyed

CANADA is a national paradox; on the one hand it shouts for King and Empire, while on the other it refuses to recognize well-defined Imperial obligations. Any prominent Britisher coming to Canada will be overwhelmed with courtesies and good-will. He will be satiated with talk about Canada's loyalty to the Crown. It may even be intimated to him that if Great Britain ever needs men or money to help in a European war, Canada will sacrifice everything it possesses in that behalf. At the same time, three hundred and fifty Sikhs, citizens of the Empire, are marooned in Vancouver harbour, because the Canadian Government and the Canadian courts will not allow them to land in this white man's country.

During the past session of the Dominion Parliament, an act was passed providing that a citizen of Australia or New Zealand or Newfoundland may become a Canadian citizen with a slight formality, even though he may have been originally a German, a Russian or a Turk. A similar measure is before the British Parliament and the other Dominion legislatures. All these measures are designed to give the citizens of all the countries of the Britannic Alliance equal standing when they migrate from one unit to another, or travel abroad. If a citizen of the United States is naturalized in Canada, he can go over to Great Britain and down to Australia and know that he is a British subject, and as such entitled to the protection and rights of the British flag. Yet, while doing this thing for their own benefit, Canadians refuse to recognize that the residents of British India have any rights when they migrate to Canada.

Would not the disinterested observer naturally conclude that Canada will support and recognize the British Empire only so far as it serves Canada's interests to do so?

NOR is the case of the Hindus the only one which indicates that Canada is at once supporting and fighting Imperialism. At the Imperial Conference, in 1909, Canada agreed to do certain things in connection with Britannic defence on the high seas. Canada and Australia each agreed to build a naval unit which in times of peace should guard the country which created it and in time of war should be at the disposal of the Empire as a whole. Canada deliberately broke that agreement.

It has been claimed that the agreement referred to was made by Sir Wilfrid Laurier, then Premier of Canada, and is not binding on Sir Robert Borden, his successor in office. That is a hollow claim. Either Sir Wilfrid Laurier made a treaty with Great Britain and Australia, or the Imperial Conference is not a recognized institution. If Sir Wilfrid Laurier made a treaty on Canada's behalf, then Sir Robert

By NORMAN PATTERSON

Borden is under a moral obligation to observe its terms. What would be thought of President Wilson, of the United States, if he refused to be bound by the international treaties made by Taft and Roosevelt, his predecessors in office?

There was only one way out for Sir Robert Borden. He could have asked the other governments in the Britannic Alliance to call another Imperial Conference and revise the naval plan agreed upon. He did not do it. Therefore, he deliberately broke the treaty Canada made with all the other British countries represented at that conference.

On his behalf, though not in his defence, let it be said that he broke that treaty with the consent of Mr. Winston Churchill. But that only serves to make Mr. Churchill equally guilty with himself. Indeed, this same Mr. Churchill struck a deeper blow at Imperialism when he went farther and refused to carry out the agreement made by Mr. Asquith to plant a British fleet in southern Pacific waters to co-operate with the Australian and New Zealand forces.

If Mr. Churchill and Sir Robert Borden had possessed any high regard for the Imperial Conference of 1910 and the compacts made there, Canada would have had a fleet unit in the harbours of Canada, as Australia has a nearly-completed fleet within Australian waters. It is not a question of whether Canada should have a fleet unit or not, but simply a question of whether Canada is sufficiently enamoured of Imperialism to keep her Imperial bargains.

Judging from these facts, Canada feels a very slight moral obligation to keep any pact made with other portions of the Empire. Our conventions with Australia, New Zealand and South Africa should surely be as binding as those with Germany or the United States.

ANOTHER action which indicates that Canada is working towards a withdrawal from the Britannic Alliance is our attitude towards Australia and New Zealand. These two Dominions were deeply incensed over the breaking of the Imperial Treaty of 1909, by Mr. Churchill and Sir Robert Borden. They protested vigorously, but without avail. They then suggested a naval conference either in Vancouver or London, in order that the question of Britannic naval defence in the Pacific might be taken up afresh and a new plan adopted. But Mr. Churchill and Sir Robert Borden have refused to meet them. In this way, these two statesmen have practically told the Australians and New Zealanders that the Pacific is to be left to the tender mercies of Japan. This is the most serious blow aimed at Imperialism in recent years.

In consonance with this policy, the Borden Gov-

ernment stripped the "Rainbow" and put it on the scrap-heap at Esquimalt. The "Rainbow" was a small cruiser, purchased in 1910, for training purposes, and placed on Canada's Pacific Coast. It was the humble beginning of a fleet unit on the Pacific which would be a tribute to Canada's recognition of her Imperial responsibilities. But even this insignificant beginning was ruthlessly "scrapped" by the Borden Government. The other day, when the Hindus on board the "Komagata Maru" mutinied and were ordered deported, there was no cruiser to perform the police duty. The despised "Rainbow" would have been splendidly useful to uphold Canadian sovereignty on that occasion, but it had been sacrificed to party spirit or Imperial antagonism.

LET us hope that the situation is not so bad as it seems. Perhaps Canada does not intend to break away from the Empire. It may be that our refusal to carry out the agreement of 1909, our refusal to consult with Australia and New Zealand with regard to Pacific defence, our refusal to recognize the British citizenship of the Sikhs who knock at our door, and the uncompromising attitude of both Conservatives and Liberals in regard to a non-partisan settlement of the naval question, are due to ignorance rather than intention.

Indeed, Sir Robert Borden finds a defender in Mr. Richard Jebb. Writing in the first issue (May) of the new "Britannic Review," Mr. Jebb says:

"No one can seriously blame the Government of any Dominion for ignoring an agreement which the British Government had already abandoned. Had Mr. Churchill been loyal to the policy of 1909, it is tolerably certain that Mr. Borden, for his part, would have been well satisfied to strengthen and expedite the Laurier programme instead of throwing it upon the scrap-heap. Party spirit, no doubt, was running high; but party spirit has never yet over-ridden the Canadian instinct of duty to the Empire when the call was clear."

This is very kind of Mr. Jebb, and Sir Robert will no doubt appreciate the defence of himself and of Canadian loyalty. Nevertheless, Sir Robert knows that it has been utterly impossible to get his followers to accept the Laurier naval policy, or to get Sir Wilfrid Laurier to meet him half way. He knows that party spirit on both sides at Ottawa has trifled with this question, used it as a football, and has struck a blow at imperial unity, the effect of which it will take many years to repair.

What sense is there in talking of the ideals of Empire, when the people and the politicians do not care a penny about imperial obligations and are concerned only with their bank accounts, their women and their own petty glorifications?

Oriental Menace in New Zealand

A Letter Giving the Details of Sir Ian Hamilton's Warning and The Naval Policy

Wellington, June 4th.

From Our Special Representative

EVENTS do not march with any great noise of trumpets in this far corner of the world, as a rule; but occasionally we come in for a little reflected glory, so to speak, when something is said or happens. For the past month we have had with us General Sir Ian Hamilton, Inspector-General of the Overseas Forces, and though from the nature of his calling it may be easily understood that his creed is one of action and not words, still, a man cannot move in high circles and remain dumb. A fortnight ago, replying to a speech of welcome tendered to him at Auckland, while he was on a visit of inspection to the defences of the northern city, Sir Ian Hamilton made a notable reference to the Asiatic menace, which is causing deep concern to many people in this country. He said he had been asked, directly and inferentially, during his tour through the Dominion, this question: "Why, when we are expecting the millennium, do we find practical and prosperous countries like Australia and New Zealand furbishing up their armour of defence?" He would like to answer that question not in the usual obvious way, but rather in the abstract way.

OBVIOUS REASONS.

"The first of the obvious reasons," said the General, "is the shrinkage of distance through the advent of electricity, steamships, aeroplanes and high explosives (so high that a shot from a 14-in. gun could kill a man twenty miles away). These things, no doubt, have brought remote dangers nearer. Then there is the obvious reason that in the Pacific great nations have either risen in the last hundred years or else old nations are in a wonderful manner showing signs of marvelous energy. Even as volcanoes, long quiescent, break again into activity with disturb-

ing sounds, so it is with some of the old nations of the Pacific.

"A third obvious reason is that the Pacific, in spite of its peaceful name, is more stormy than other more distant oceans. While we would all deplore such a contingency, it is conceivable that apart from the storms of Nature there may be greater and more terrible convulsions than ever in the past. That is to say, the Pacific is the meeting-ground not of nations, but of continents. Here it may be decided whether Asiatics or Europeans are going to guide the destinies of this planet. These are more or less obvious reasons; but there are others which I believe to be real and true, although they are more or less under the surface.

A YELLOW VULTURO-PHOENIX.

"Terrible things, for instance, are going on in the Malay States. Here can be seen a fine people going under before the interests of low-class materialists—Chinese and Coolies, brought in to work for low wages. When I visited China, two years ago, I saw on every side that the country was waking up. Old moral restraints had gone. I saw a modernized Chinaman scratching his name with a nail upon the Temple of Heaven—a temple until recently so sacred that the Emperor alone might approach it, and that only once in a year. This is but an illustration to show the change from which is evolving chaos and confusion, such as existed at the time of the French Revolution, from which Napoleon arose.

"In our own nation there are signs of danger to the white race from the existence of the materialistic factor. In Ladysmith, during the Boer War, the main street was a thoroughfare containing prosperous

European shopkeepers. What a change had been wrought when I went there, two years ago, to take Sir George White's place as president of Ladysmith! The shopkeepers had vanished, and their places had been taken by Bunyahs and Coolies, who exist on a couple of meals of rice a day. While these Coolies have no constructive or progressive talent, they have the knack of handling and accumulating money to a nicety.

A REAL DANGER POINT.

"This, then, is the point of the story. This is the reason why, in the time of progress and prosperity, Australia and New Zealand are instinctively facing the necessity of preparing for defence. If people with high ideals and standards are forced to live cheek by jowl with people of low standards and low ideals, they must either become slave-drivers or sink to the level of those by whom they are surrounded, and thus be beaten. Of course, New Zealand is still a long way off from this danger, but Australia is not so far off."

These are the remarks which, cabled in substance to the rest of the world, have arrested attention. We are told this week that the Japanese press is indignant and that it suggests that Japan must be prepared to stand alone and fight the white races for the mastery of the Pacific. The suggestion, obviously, is that the Tokyo government must consider very seriously the wisdom of the policy of renewing the Anglo-Japanese Alliance next year. One paper, the "Nichi Nichi Shimbun," is reported to be so upset it declares Sir Ian Hamilton is a "disturber of the peace!"

NEW ZEALAND AND THE NAVY.

Since my last dispatch was written, much ink has been spilled and much talk expended upon the

subject of the "little (New Zealand) navy" of our ship versus the continued subsidy to the Imperial navy. Ministers and the leader of the Opposition (Sir Joseph Ward) have fired many shots at one another—at long range, however, strange to say—and both sides appear none the worse for the battle of words.

One fact emerges from the mass of verbiage. That is that the present government has vitally altered the Dominion's policy in regard to naval defence, and has done so without any mandate from the people. It may be contended, on the other hand, that the people have never specifically approved of the former policy of paying an annual subsidy to the Admiralty. Possibly that is so; the practice seems to have "grewed," like the immortal Topsy; but it had been in vogue so long that it had become recognized as our policy, and as defence matters were supposed to be outside the sphere of "party politics" the government should have been careful to take no step that would bring them on to debatable ground. The bulk of the people, it is safe to assert, are not in favour of New Zealand embarking at present upon a scheme of naval shipbuilding which

can only result in overtaking her financial strength.

TRADE OF THE YEAR.

The total value of exports of New Zealand produced during the year ended March 31st, was £22,049,650, compared with £20,580,109 in the previous yearly period. This result must be regarded with great satisfaction in view of the fact that for nearly two months last year—October-December—a Dominion-wide strike of waterside workers and a partial general strike of all trades except the railwaymen (State employees), paralyzed business temporarily. It shows the remarkable recuperative powers of this young country. Wool occupies pride of place in our exports, last year's total being 182,854,096 lbs., valued at £7,584,063. Frozen lamb brought £2,548,944 into our pockets; cheese, £2,195,273; butter, £2,140,019; frozen mutton, £1,905,487; gold, £1,462,338; hides and skins, £1,214,196; tallow, £701,085; flax (phormium tenax), £673,835.

FLOODS CAUSE DAMAGE.

Winter is falling upon us early this year. In the past three weeks much rain has fallen and freezing

gales have swept up from the Antarctic ice barrier. In the north-west corner of the North Island—in the Hawke's Bay and Poverty Bay districts, floods have wrought havoc among roads, bridges, and small harbour works, though, fortunately, loss of life has been small. The town of Gisborne has been subjected to another of its periodical watery visitations, but apparently suffered little real damage. Gisborne is a prosperous place, and its residents are optimists of the first rank; it is related that no one there regards a flood seriously so long as his chimney-top remains unsubmerged to give him landhold. In another place a river that is normally only a trickle of water rose sixty feet in a few hours at one point. Naturally it has done much damage, but the settlers have returned from the heights, where they sought refuge, and are now busy collecting their scattered belongings—live and dead. Even yet the rain has not ceased in the northern districts, and in the south heavy snow has fallen pretty generally. Still we live, and look forward with hope that the morrow will bring us more kindly weather and contented spirits to enjoy it. You, in Canada, who have extreme weather, will realize something of what we experience.

On the Athabasca Trail

FOR several weeks early this summer the creator of Sherlock Holmes and Brigadier Gerard camped in Jasper Park by courtesy of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway. While there he wrote a poem and was casually photographed in honour of his first camp on the Athabasca Trail.

By ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

MY life is gliding downwards; it speeds swifter to the day
When it shoots the last dark canyon to the Plains of
Faraway.

But while its stream is running through the years that are to be,
The mighty voice of Canada will ever call to me.
I shall hear the roar of rivers where the rapids foam and tear;
I shall smell the virgin upland with its balsam-laden air,
And shall dream that I am riding down the winding woody vale,
With the packer and the packhorse on the Athabasca Trail.

I have passed the warden cities at the eastern water gate,
Where the hero and the martyr laid the corner-stone of State.
The habitant, coureur-des-bois—and hardy voyageur—
Where lives a breed more strong at need to venture or endure?
I have seen the gorge of Erie, where the roaring waters run,
I have crossed the Inland Ocean, lying golden in the sun,
But the last and best and sweetest is the ride by hill and dale,
With the packer and the packhorse on the Athabasca Trail.

I'll dream again of fields of grain that stretch from sky to sky,
And the little prairie hamlets where the cars go roaring by;
Wooden hamlets as I saw them—noble cities still to be,
To girdle stately Canada with gems from sea to sea;
Mother of a mighty manhood, Land of glamour and of hope,
From the eastward sea-swept Islands to the sunny western slope.
Ever more my heart is with you, ever more till life shall fail,
I'll be out with pack and packer on the Athabasca Trail.

Jasper Park, Alta., June 18, 1914.



"Ever more my heart is with you, ever more till life shall fail,
I'll be out with pack and packer on the Athabasca Trail."

The author, Sir Conan Doyle, is the big rider on the bridge, fourth from front.

Merely Being Convivial

Illustrating the Fact that Drink is a Matter of Sociability

By H. F. WEST

HOTELS must not be held entirely responsible for the drink habit, more than churches must be credited with a monopoly of religion. Most people who frequent hotels are addicted to some measure of drinking. All people who frequent bar-rooms are set down as drinking characters. But there are thousands who never visit bars and who at the same time aid in the gross and per capita consumption of liquor in any country; just as there are thousands of religious people who seldom or never attend church.

Because most of the drinking is done in hotels and most of the religion is practised by churchgoers we have made hotels largely responsible for the drink habit and churches are supposed to be headquarters for religion.

SOcial customs, however, have a great deal to do with both drink and religion. If churches should be abolished—which we hope they never will be—mankind would still continue to be religious. If bars were abolished—and they may be—a large percentage of our men would continue to drink, as many of them do now, whether in a hotel, at home,

at the club, at a friend's house or all combined. When the Ontario Conservative party heralded "Abolish Treating" as an amendment to "Abolish the Bar," it was a concession to the fact that most drinking is social in its character. Very probably nine-tenths of the liquor consumed in Canada and the United States, both of which have a large number of no-bar areas, is done in company. The sociable element may be supplied by the bar-room furnished from the barricade of bottles and barrels in the rear, or by the room in a man's house catered to by the decanter from the sideboard. In places where bars are abolished by any form of law, whether local option or a general prohibitory statute, the sideboard decanter and the "blind pig" are the chief sources of spirituous sociability.

ONLY a genius can play solitaire with bottles and glasses. Conviviality is impossible in a hermitage. Abolishing the bar does not abolish convivial drinking. All it does is to substitute amateur for professional drinking places. If a town has

no bar the hospitable host who believes in the cordiality of drinking feels constrained to introduce his guest to the sideboard decanter. If there is a respectable bar he lets the guest do his drinking there under license, or goes to the bar with him for a mutual drink. Some prefer one; some the other. It's largely a matter of taste.

Many a man on his way home from a bar-room might have found astronomy useful if only he could get his eye on the north star. Many a man leaving the house of his friend, who has a diligent sideboard decanter, has found it necessary to brace up before daring to shake hands with the ladies.

HERE, for instance, are two sample cases to illuminate the domestic drinking customs of this country and England. A man not addicted to bar-room diversions spent an evening with a friend who invariably produced his decanter. Not wishing to be unsociable, but having no real appetite for Scotch whiskey, he took three drinks in the course of an hour. At the second he began to recollect that he had met the younger of the two ladies some years before and told her so. She was visibly amused. At

the third the voice of the hostess seemed to be coming from some other part of the room from where she sat. When he rose to take his leave he found it necessary to keep close to the chairs in order to shake hands, and with some difficulty fumbled his way down to the hall and out to the silent street. He had gone to his friend's house sober. He left it quite drunk. And if he had been left to himself he never would have gone near a bar-room.

ANOTHER man equally unaddicted to regular drinking spent a couple of days at the house of an English gentleman in a small English town. The first evening they both attended a public dinner, where five courses of wine, including whiskey, were on the menu card. Both took some of each. When they went home the visitor, unaccustomed to the convivialities of England, was thankful that his host knew the way home. At midnight they sat in the living-room, where the two sons and the mother and daughter had been engaged in somewhat tedious conversation. At once the company livened up. Mine host asked for the brandy and the port. He had got an extra fine consignment of port and wanted his guest to sample it. His brandy was excellent. The guest, not wishing to be considered unequal to the social customs of England, took some of each. So did the host. So did the sons. The ladies listened to the conversation, which became oddly animated. Presently they left the room, for which the guest was profoundly thankful.

"Do you care to retire?" asked the old gentleman, who seemed to be quite himself as usual.

"I should be delighted," mumbled the guest, whose tongue and lips were all in a fuzzle and his ears booming like a distant cataract.

The old gentleman sedately guided him upstairs into a lovely room with a four-post antique bed as broad as a barn door. Here he bade him good-night, intimating that at seven the maid would be in with tea, and at eight he would be expected to attend chapel in the cathedral—according to custom.

By some species of sleight-of-hand the visitor manoeuvred himself out of his clothes and rolled into the great bed, which at once began to act like a fine ship on a splendid sea. He laughed to himself at the absurdity of it all.

He had gone to the banquet sober and come home a bit keyed up. He had come to bed as drunk as a lord; when neither he nor his host had gone near a bar, and if they had been asked to do so would very likely have decided to do without drink.

Neither of these cases has anything to do with

the man who gets drunk as a habit. They both concern the man who, left to himself, would probably never take a drink. They concern the sociability of the drink habit which, whether from the barricade of barrels and bottles behind the bar or from the sideboard decanter, seems to be at the root of all popular and national drinking.

Quite another story could be told about the man who is beguiled by the sociability of a bar-room to take drinks enough to make him drunk when he expected merely to be sociable by having one. That is so well known that it has become hackneyed. The novelty is in the fact that it is possible for many a man to become intoxicated quite as easily and much more insidiously in the house of a friend than in the professional drinking place licensed by law. The evil lies in getting drunk at all. But in searching for the cause of the drink habit we must not be bamboozled into believing that the abolition of the bar would mean the abolition of the evil.

Another fatal danger lies in the path of all this temperance discussion. It is the tremendous amount of intemperate and bigoted thinking done on the subject. The man who defends the open bar because he believes that men must have the cockles of their soul warmed in order to continue doing their share of the world's work is just as dangerous in argument as the man who in equally intemperate language contends that those who do not advocate abolishing the bar are foes of moral reform.

BIGOTRY on either side is wasting ammunition firing at nothing. Mere sentiment divorced from economics and common sense is as bad. The bar or the boy is not merely a matter of sentiment. That kind of temperance agitation was all very well in the days of John B. Gough, who delivered the greatest temperance orations ever known, because he spoke them from experience and was at the same time a natural orator.

Moral reform in drinking is no longer a matter for the orators who, on Sunday afternoons, dole out sob to an audience nine-tenths of whom are prejudiced against liquor before they hear a word. It is no longer a case for the singing of such twaddle as "Where is My Wandering Boy To-night?" or "Death Bells Tolling," which was usually sung as a march past while young men signed the pledge. It is not even a campaign for signing pledges.

Neither is abolishing the bar or prohibiting the manufacture of liquor a problem for the perfervid preacher unless he can discuss it without reference to party politics. The preacher has a perfect moral

right to point out the evils of drink. If he is a good, live preacher, he probably knows a good deal about it, unless he happens to be in a rural parish where drinking is either illegal or unfashionable. But the trouble begins when a preacher who knows nothing about the real character of a bar-room and in visits among parishioners does not see the sideboard decanter, tries to work on the emotions of his people.

A SOCIAL custom which has become so rooted in the convivial habits of a people cannot be eradicated by politics. The trouble is that people who have the habit of politics are unable by nature to deal with the habits of a people. But when a party takes up temperance as a plank it should at least be consistent and go in lock, stock and barrel for supporting a leader who stands or falls by the slogan. The Ontario Liberal party did not support Mr. Rowell. They did not commit themselves unreservedly to a campaign against drink. They did not believe in temperance—but in politics. Therefore, when they undertook a moral campaign without aggressive moral methods, they wobbled to a dismal finish. Mere organization never could have saved them. What they needed besides organization was moral sincerity of purpose in a moral campaign and aggressive methods of carrying out their purpose by a practical exposure of what the convivial drink habit really means.

In Manitoba, where the Conservative majority of Sir Rodmond Roblin has been almost obliterated, the Liberals did wisely in keeping the anti-bar slogan as one of a number of planks in the party platform. Mr. Norris, the Liberal leader, did not promise to abolish the bar but to give the electors a chance for a referendum on that subject. The bi-lingual question more than the temperance campaign must be credited with the Roblin defeat. The Conservatives got a pretty solid French-Canadian vote. Most of the Orangemen voted with the Liberals. In Winnipeg, which gave four seats out of six to the Liberals, very little of the revolution is due to the anti-bar crusade. Public sentiment in this centre of population is far more revolutionary than it is in the smaller urban communities and the rural constituencies. But the Liberals of Manitoba gave a much more cordial support and real party backing to Mr. Norris, who is an indifferently good leader, than the Liberals of Ontario did to Mr. Rowell, who, as a moral leader in a moral campaign could not be surpassed.

The moral seems to be, don't put more moral meaning into a slogan than you can translate into a "punch" at election time.

The Bird of Good Fortune

And the Cockatoo's Card Said Nothing About a Mysterious Motor Car

By BEN DEACON

BY profession, Tuzzi was a prophet, but none such as that pessimistic grouch, the weather prophet. It is true, his predictions were no less inaccurate, but they were certainly far more cheery. Tuzzi (kindly pronounce it Tut-zee, just as you pronounce the "t" which there isn't in "intermezzo") never forecasted thunder or frost or snow or sleet or showers. He dealt only in sunshine.

For one nickel Tuzzi stood prepared to tell you just what of good there was in store for you. Invariably your meed of fortune included an entrancing life-partner. You could also safely count on a promise of wealth, health, happiness and a peaceful and contented old age. Tuzzi could not have predicted any other kind of fortune even had he wanted to. It was the only kind he had in the rack.

You handed your nickel to Tony Fransacchi, who gave a sharp little whistle, and Tuzzi cocked his small head on one side, took a good look at you, flapped his wings a couple of times, then reached down and drew up your fortune with his beak. For Tuzzi was indeed a bird.

Tuzzi was somewhat of a cultured bird, albeit of a rather frivolous disposition, having been brought up on a mixture of grand opera and ragtime. His perch was affixed to the top of a portable instrument registered in the city license department as a street piano, but often called much more impolite names. Tony performed by turning a crank. People who heard the sounds which he produced sometimes paused to speculate as to why Tuzzi did not fly away. They generally decided that his wings must be clipped, but they were wrong. Tuzzi did not mind the music and anyway he would not have known where to fly to.

Tuzzi was very fond of Tony, who fed him whenever he pulled up a fortune promptly, but he was fonder still of Lucia. She was the other member of the firm and lived with Tuzzi and Tony in a single room in a district much frequented by those who find pleasure in the guise of duty by trying to inflict the "Social Uplift" on their poorer and less washed fellow creatures.

No, she was not Mrs. Tony. They merely lived together, worked together and were contented and happy in their own stupid, squalid way. In your street or in mine, of course, such an arrangement would set the neighbours talking, but where Tuzzi lived no one appeared to notice anything incorrect.

Early spring was in the air; it was evident

everywhere—in the slushy, slippery pavements and in the bock beer signs and "To Let" notices—and Mr. Adolphus G. Gibbs had just purchased his new six-cylinder car. Please remember this; it is quite important. At first glance it may seem of but little consequence, so many people buy new spring cars in these days, when no one can afford the necessities but everyone must have the luxuries. The fate of Tuzzi and of Tony and of Lucia was inextricably commingled with the purchase of the Gibbs machine. Therefore you are asked to kindly bear it in mind.

Tuzzi was a Canadian by birth; Tony, on the other hand, had been sifted through Grosse Isle by a kind but brusque official who spoke Italian with an Irish accent. After warning him against the labour sharks, this official gave him a deal of fatherly advice which Tony speedily forgot. A street piano and a ticket to mail back to Lucia were the height of his ambition. In a year he had acquired the piano, and Tuzzi went with it. Another year passed and then one evening Tony dropped an envelope containing a letter in a scrawly hand, a bright yellow ticket and an order on the Dominion post office for twenty-five dollars in the mail box on the corner, bought himself a five-cent glass of beer by way of celebration, and went home to tell Tuzzi how pretty she was.

ALL this time Tony had worked and saved, never prayed and seldom washed. Soap is a luxury when you are hoarding for a yellow ticket to mail to Italy. He held intercourse only with Tuzzi and steadfastly dodged the friendly Padre, for religion was merely another luxury, a waste for worthless masses and unnecessary prayers.

Therefore, when the big steamer bearing the lovely Lucia finally arrived and he had escorted her safely through the immigration maze, he brought her straight to Tuzzi, which was quite the natural thing to do, for Tuzzi was his only friend in the big city.

Tony was rapidly becoming a Canadian, though there were a few notable Canadian institutions of which he was woefully ignorant. Also his Canadian vocabulary was limited. Because of this he and Tuzzi had a little difficulty with the administrative department of the law while they were on their way home one evening after a long day of music and prophecy. When the big policeman murmured something in his ear and Tony caught the words "come

across," he thought the friendly officer sought to know how long he had been dispensing music in Montreal.

"Me, I come acrossa mora two year," he cheerfully informed.

"Aw, quit bluffin'—you're wise all right! There ain't no op'ra grinders allowed on this avenue—I'll have to run yuh in," proclaimed the officer.

It required a considerable time for explanations before Tony and Tuzzi were able to continue their homeward journey, quite a little poorer in pocket but much wealthier in worldly—new worldly—wisdom.

When they reached the room it was empty. Lucia had disappeared.

Let us not intrude upon Tuzzi and Tony in their grief—a parrot sometimes has a right to privacy, and even a Waup has feelings that may be wounded. Let us try to follow Lucia instead.

WHEN Tony and Tuzzi fail to return at regular time she is troubled. Finally she decides to search for them. Slipping a light shawl over her head, thereby accentuating her dusky attractiveness, she ventures timidly down the dimly lit street until she comes to a broad thoroughfare flashing with thousands of yellow and white lights. The bright glare pleases her and she turns and walks into it. She strolls onward, delighted with the clamour and light which surround her. Here, with the people jostling her on every hand, she is fearless; on the darker, quieter street she was afraid.

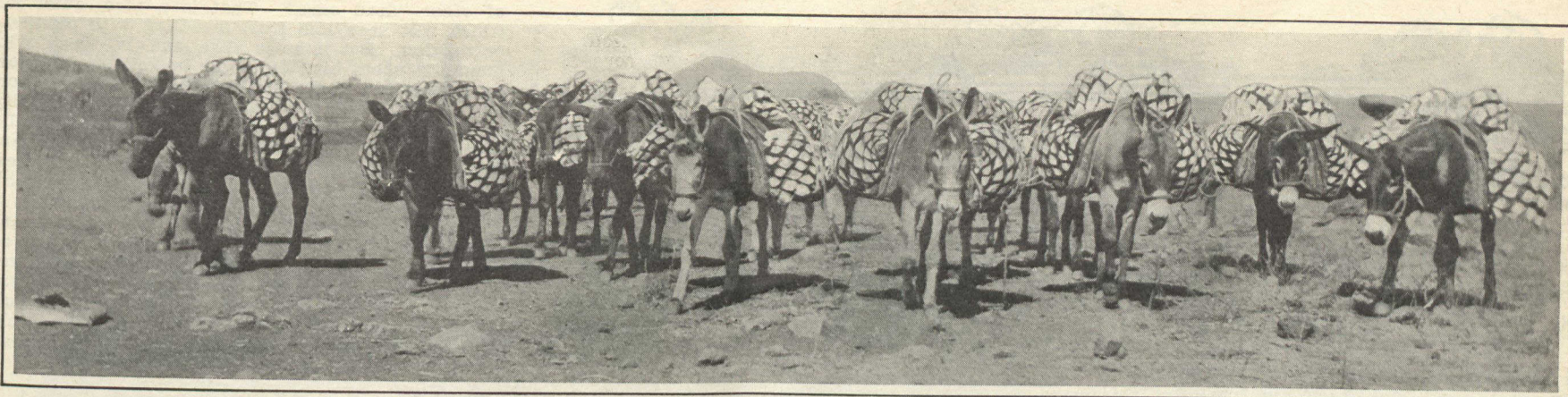
One strange sight after another attracts her; she stands long gazing into windows; she watches with delight as the big electric signs flicker weird shapes across the sky. She has almost forgotten that she is searching for Tony and Tuzzi.

Suddenly, as she lingers before a window, a man steps out of a doorway and stands for a moment watching her. He is dressed like a perfect gentleman, but his face well fits him for a high place in a galaxy of gunmen. His shifty eyes alternately watch the girl and the passers-by, then she turns and he speaks to her.

She replies in Italian, for her Canadian vocabulary is more limited even than Tony's.

She smiles nervously as he replies in her own language. There follows a lengthy argument and many gestures. Then the stranger hails a taxi and a

(Continued on page 15.)



These Mexican burros, beasts of burden that carry mezcal to the factories, do not look as though they had any further appetite for war.



As picturesque a water-girl as was ever mentioned in the Bible.

PRESIDENT WILSON has been censured by some long-distance, armchair critics, because he did not long ago do as Roosevelt would have done—rush in and settle Mexico by force of arms. The Peace Conference has finished its work. The war “short of war” is over. Huerta has ceased from troubling. Mexico is to have a provisional president, either a constitutionalist or a neutral. Villa’s capture of Zacatecas made it seem almost inevitable that a president approved of by him would be selected according to the known wish of President Wilson. But the Huerta delegates at the Conference insisted upon a neutral. These men are said to represent the very class upon whose behalf mainly a settlement of Mexico is desired by the Federals—the land-holding interests, those whom President Wilson has described as hidalgos or overlords.

It is the President’s determination that the settlement shall be in the interests of the common people. He says: “My passion is for the submerged eighty-

MEXICO AND ITS PEOPLE

Character Impressions of the Plain People who, According to President Wilson, are More to be Considered than the Hidalgos in the Settlement of Mexican Affairs

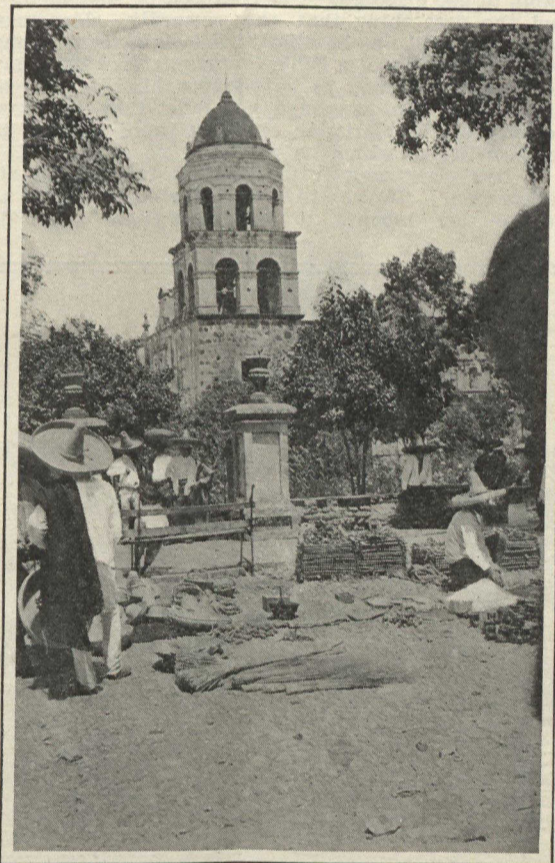


The street vendor of Guadalajara prefers a bread basket to a rifle.

five per cent. of the republic who are now struggling towards liberty.”

He said further, in the same interview, as published in the Saturday Evening Post: “It is a curious thing that every demand for the establishment of order in Mexico takes into consideration, not order for the benefit of the people of Mexico, the great mass of the population, but order for the benefit of the old-time regime, for the aristocrats, for the vested interests, for the men who are responsible for this very condition of disorder. No one asks for order because order will help the masses of the people to get a portion of their rights and their land; but all demand it so that the great owners of property, the hidalgos, the overlords, the men who have exploited that rich country for their own selfish purposes, shall be able to continue their processes undisturbed.”

If a settlement in the interests of the plain people and the industrial producers of Mexico can be finally accomplished, the critics of the Wilson administration will probably conclude that pacific methods and “war short of war” are better than gunpowder, dynamite and fire. A country, which was intended by nature to contribute to the world’s wealth without impoverishing the people has been permitted to exploit its resources in order to bloat the big interests. Curbing the predatory organizations in Mexico is as much an essential part of the Wilson policy as in the United States.



Spanish architecture in the Plaza Compostela at Tepic.



These young wood-carriers found by experience that the big boy’s shoulder is about the same height as the little fellow’s head.



These phantomish-looking people, with the inverted toadstool hats, are not priests, but peons who work for next to nothing on the plantations.



Through A Monocle

Preachers in Politics

FOR the life of me I cannot see why there should be any objection to the appearance of the Preacher in politics. In fact, I cannot see how the conscientious and intelligent Preacher can keep out of politics. There is a school of opinion, apparently, which looks upon the modern Preacher much as the Romans regarded their Vestals Virgins—that is, as a sacrosanct order set aside to keep alight the sacred fire. They were not supposed to mingle with the world or to care aught for its perplexities and troubles. Cooped up in a diminutive marble palace under the shelter of the Palatine, they tended the flame entrusted to their care, believing that thereby they best served the State. All through the ages, we have had orders of this character. That is, they have devoted themselves to meditation and inward examination and adoration of the Most High. But these secluded devotees are of quite a different order from the Preacher. The Preacher's business is to go out and lead men aright.

AND why should the Preacher still his tongue at the very time when his fellow countrymen usually most need light and leading? Why should he thunder against the sins of politicians dead and buried and mummified for a thousand years; but cover his mouth with a coward hand when confronted with the sins of politicians who are actively misleading the very people who sit in the pews and listen to him? Is it because these living politicians can hit back? If so, then the Preacher of to-day has mightily degenerated from the Preacher of the days of Elijah and John the Baptist. I think if you will run over in your mind the list of the names of great Preachers who left their impress upon their times

and are still remembered in history, you will find that they preached concerning contemporary politics to the very men and women who were involved in them. Thomas a Becket and Wolsey, John Knox and John Calvin, Bossuet and Savonarola, Wendell Phillips and Bishop Ireland, Egerton Ryerson and Principal Grant—all clergymen who meddled with politics, and all men who will never be forgotten.

A CLERGYMAN is supposed to have a conscience. If he lacks this organ, he is not well-equipped for his profession. A lawyer might as well try to do business with the said organ in place. Moreover, a clergyman is supposed to have intelligence. He probably reads the newspapers. He knows what is going on in politics—which is simply the government of his country. Now, when his intelligence conveys to his mind the impression that a certain thing is proposed in politics which is either very right or very wrong, his conscience—unless it is carefully jogged—will begin to growl. And what is a clergyman to do when his conscience growls? I think he is bound to pass the "growl" on. If he tries to silence his conscience and impress upon it that here is a whole area of possible moral decisions of which it is to take no note, his conscience is very liable to get discouraged or confused or somnolent—and the first thing that the cowardly clergyman knows, he will not be able to tell right from wrong without the help of a Bible Commentator. This may be all right so long as he confines his attention to incidents which happened not later than the first century of the Christian era; but there is a lot in modern life to which he will have no guide.

A live clergyman is in constant touch with his fellow-men. If he is not alive, he ought to confine his labours to conducting the funerals

of other "dead ones." That is a nice, quiet job, which will keep him from meddling with politics—or religion. But if he is alive and in touch with humanity about him, he might as well try to ignore its perplexities in the matter of politics as to ignore an epidemic which had seized the community. Would you say that a Preacher should arraign dishonesty for forty-eight weeks out of the year, and then announce some fine Sunday—"For the next month, I shall not refer to dishonesty from this pulpit, because there is an election coming on in which a number of dishonest men are running—and any references to this particular sin might be regarded as meddling with politics." Of course, you would do nothing of the sort. You would contend rather that he ought to bring his Old Testament politics up to date, and to tell you exactly what he thinks about any modern men or measures whose appearance introduces moral issues.

"MORAL issues." Let us not boggle over that fence. Let us not attempt to decide what issues are "moral" and what are not. We might have trouble. The best way out of it is to invite the Preacher to give us his considered opinion on all issues; and let us take that opinion for what it is worth. He is a citizen. He has a vote; and, on polling day, he will cast it—unless he is a shirk. Why should he, then, of all men, be debarred from telling us how he is going to vote, and why? The very fact that he is more likely to be disinterested than the average man is a reason in favour of his intervention—not against it. Some tell us that he exercises too much influence when he speaks. If he exercises any more influence than is properly his, that is not his fault—that is the fault of the pew. We should not gag him for the fault of the pew—we should disfranchise an unintelligent pew. Others say that this intervention will "hurt religion." If it hurts religion to bring it into contact with life and employ it as a guide to humanity in the selection of the right course at moments of crisis, then the sooner we fatally hurt religion of that useless description, the better will it be for the people who are being "gold-bricked" into paying for it. The religion which cost Wolsey his position, Knox some little courage, and John the Baptist his head, is the only kind worth paying for—or living by.

THE MONOCLE MAN.



WILL HE TRY THE ELECTION RAPIDS?

SIR ROBERT BORDEN: "NEITHER WHITNEY NOR ROBILIN GOT UPSET—WONDER IF I'D BETTER TRY?"

Events of Interest to Most of Us



This picture of the baseball grounds at Regina proves that the people there are interested in the game and also that they have got plenty of money to spend on amusements.

Baseball in the West

WESTERN CANADA seems to be standing by professional baseball better than any other part of the continent. Any loose change that is not going into the oil stocks goes to the baseball receipt box. There are two leagues doing business. The Northern League is international, and comprises the cities of Winnipeg, Fargo, Duluth, Virginia, Grand Forks, Winona, Superior, Fort William. The teams representing these towns rank in the order named, Winnipeg leading with an average of .623 for sixty-one games played. The other league comprises Medicine Hat, Saskatoon, Moose Jaw, Calgary, Regina, and Edmonton. The accompanying picture shows that Regina is being well supported by the people of that city. Regina seems to have suffered less than some of the other cities in the recent depression which the West has shared with the East.

There is also the Northwestern League, which comprises Vancouver, Victoria, Port Angeles, Tacoma, Spokane, and Seattle. This can hardly be called a Canadian league, as there are only two Canadian cities in it. The breakdown in professional lacrosse in British Columbia may increase the number of Canadian baseball teams on the Coast.



Few people look upon Alberta as a fishing country, but this sturgeon was caught in the Bow River, near Bassano. It weighed 125 pounds.

shores of Prince Edward Island, and the time consumed in the operation was three hours and ten minutes. This cable was twelve miles and a half in length and is for telephone communication entirely. The first message was sent to Premier Mathieson, of Prince Edward Island, by Premier Borden, from Halifax. The laying of this cable, it is anticipated, will prove valuable to the islanders, and a great convenience to the mercantile interests of Nova Scotia. The cost of the cable was \$40,000.

A Bassano Fish Story

ONE of the most ambitious fish stories of the season has come to us from Bassano, Alberta, and has the advantage of being backed up by an actual photograph of the catch. This was ingenuous of our contributor, as now-a-days no one believes a fish story without what an old fisherman was once heard to describe as "substantial evidence."

The fish in the accompanying photograph is a sturgeon weighing one hundred and twenty-five pounds, and measuring six feet in length. It was captured in the Bow River in a pool just below the huge dam, which last month was officially opened by Sir Thomas Shaughnessy. The little prairie town of Bassano is eighty miles east of Calgary.

Cable-Laying Made Easy

A FEW years ago the laying of a sub-marine cable was considered quite an undertaking. When the Anglo-American Telegraph Company placed a cable across the Strait of Northumberland, from New Brunswick, some sixty years ago, a steamer was sent out from England specially to do the work, and the task was only accomplished with great difficulty. The length of the cable was nine miles.

The other day the steamer Tyrian, belonging to the Dominion Government, laid a cable from Caribou, on the Nova Scotia coast, to Wood Island, on the

Serves Them Right

WRITING of bad banking in Illinois, the editor of "Saturday Evening Post" says:

"In the last twenty years confiding people in Chicago alone have been swindled out of immense sums."

Why not? Any confiding person foolish enough to be alone in Chicago ought to be swindled.

But why single out Chicago? Why not include Philadelphia, New York, Albany, Pittsburg, San Francisco, and all other cities in the United States?



These two photographs illustrate the fairly easy task of laying a cable from Caribou, Nova Scotia, to a point near Charlottetown, P.E.I. It will be used entirely for telephone communication, and the first conversation over it was between Premier Borden and Premier Mathieson.

REFLECTIONS

BY THE EDITOR

The Greatest National Problem

CANADA'S greatest national problem for this year and next will be the care of the unemployed. All other national problems fade into insignificance compared with this. At present there are probably one hundred thousand people who are more or less in need of advice and care. By the end of the year, there will be 250,000 men in need of employment.

What steps will the Federal Government take to see that this little industrial army is placed so that it will be self-supporting and so that it will not be discouraged?

What steps will the provincial governments take to keep these men warm, well fed and so employed that they will not be lost to the provinces in which they reside?

This is the great national problem. It must be dealt with at once. It cannot be put off for even a month. Such arrangements as may be found advisable must be made immediately.

As Canada deals with this problem, so will Canada's reputation be during the next ten years. If the problem is well handled, the successful continuance of our immigration will be assured. If it is badly handled and if the present outward migration continues, Canada will be required to spend millions of dollars to get the current flowing again in this direction.

Two Possible Solutions

TWO solutions of the unemployed problem present themselves for consideration. First, getting a number of people on the land, and, second, putting a large number at temporary work in government lumber camps during the winter. Both these solutions must be worked out by the Provincial governments, assisted as far as possible by the Federal authorities.

If the Provincial governments make a determined effort they can place many of the unemployed on the land. The provinces must supply the land, designate the localities, and furnish the capital to carry the settlers for one year. It will be an expensive proposition, but in the end the money will come back. Any advances made must be secured by mortgages on the land cleared and tilled, on the houses and barns erected, and on the cattle and implements furnished.

The problem is not a new one. It has arisen in other countries and has been successfully met a score of times. Prussia met it and conquered it in the days of Frederick the Great. Denmark and Australia met it and won out in more recent times. There is plenty of experience to guide provincial ministers in their undertakings.

The second solution—government lumber camps for winter employment—is also feasible. Some of the provinces own large tracts of timbered lands. In these, they may establish lumber camps which will produce enough spruce logs, timber and lumber to repay all that would be expended and leave a handsome profit. No province has yet gone into this business, but this is an exceptional time and must be met with exceptional methods.

The problem is greatest, perhaps, in Ontario and Quebec. The cabinets of these two provinces should take action at once. They will find hundreds of good citizens with experience and knowledge willing to give freely in service. An industrial board of prominent men might be formed in each province to assist the Minister of Crown Lands in grappling with this pressing problem.

This is Canada's testing time. Let us not fail to look after the weak and the ignorant. Let us rise to this opportunity to prove that Canada is indeed a land of promise, where every man has a right to demand of the state that he shall be fed and clothed and sustained.

The Empress Verdict

LORD MERSEY'S finding in the "Empress" accident is couched in temperate language and must carry conviction to the great majority who are interested. The task imposed upon the Royal Commission was an exceedingly difficult one, because the evidence was both meager and contradictory. However it may differ from preconceived notions which most of us have formed, it is entitled to great respect. The exoneration of Captain Kendall is a very considerable tribute to the management and staff of the Canadian Pacific Steamship Company, while the exoneration of the St. Lawrence route should be equally satisfactory to all Canadians. As for Chief Officer Tuftenes, of the "Storstad," no one would wish to add anything to his condemnation. His was a mistake of judgment, not of intention.

The recommendations made by the commissioners, with a view to avoiding similar accidents in the

future, are of world-wide importance. Certain lessons with regard to the closing of water-tight doors and portholes have been learned at a terrific cost and will not be overlooked by steamship people. The suggestion, that rafts which could be easily released should be utilized on all modern steamers, bears out the lessons learned at the time of the Titanic disaster. This is especially international in its significance. The suggestion with regard to pilot stations on the north as well as on the south shore of the St. Lawrence, is a local one, and no doubt the Dominion Government will at once make regulations to overcome the dangers upon which it is based. It is such a simple reform that one wonders why it had not already occurred to those whose large interests are involved.

A National Press Association

LAST week the publishers of Canada held their first meeting as a national body. Heretofore, the Canadian Press Association, founded in 1859, and nominally national, in reality represented only the publishing interests of Ontario. By the amalgamation of this body with several other press associations in Quebec, the Maritime Provinces and the West, a national body has been formed, and hereafter the press of Canada will discuss publishing and journalistic matters on a national basis.

Provincialism dies hard in Canada. It is only recently that the medical men of the Dominion have succeeded in getting the fraternity in all the provinces to organize on the basis of dominion qualifications. It is only a few weeks since the legal profession organized a Dominion Bar Association. The broad extent of Canada's territory and the wide distribution of a small population have been factors working against nationality. Goldwin Smith looked upon this great problem in the seventies and eighties and despaired of a Canadian nationality, self-contained and vigorous. Nevertheless, there were other philosophers, less famous but more optimistic, who believed that in due time the feeling of nationality would grow to such strength that it would be as powerful in Canada as in any other country. These lesser philosophers are finding much consolation in the course of events, and the new national press organization is another indication that their optimism was justified.

Getting Rid of Huerta

HUERTA seems to be as tenacious of office as Sir Oliver Mowat and Sir John Macdonald. It is questionable, nevertheless, if these two gentlemen ever encountered such deep-seated opposition as President Huerta has. The United States nation of one hundred million people has said that "Huerta must go," and said it mightily emphatically. But to his credit, let it be said that he is still on the job.

Finding themselves with an expensive bit of eviction on their hands, the United States people called in the A. B. C. states and their mediators. But though Argentina, Brazil and Chile are also fairly big countries, Huerta still refused to go. He is the most sticky cactus that Mexico ever produced, with the single exception of one Porfirio Diaz.

Huerta is going. Of that there is no doubt. But the delays in connection with that event have been most trying. The New York papers have had the story of his flight in type so long that it is almost necessary to reset it. Scores of hard-working cartoonists have held certain pictures so long that they have almost forgotten they ever drew them.

Perhaps the school books of the future will hold Huerta up as an example of the tenacious man. In this respect he is quite the equal of Carnegie and Rockefeller, although inferior to them in ability to acquire things. He will not get away with one hundredth of what Carnegie smuggled over to Skibo Castle. Nevertheless, Huerta deserves much credit for his plucky fight. Most of us would have gone months ago.

Fire Prevention

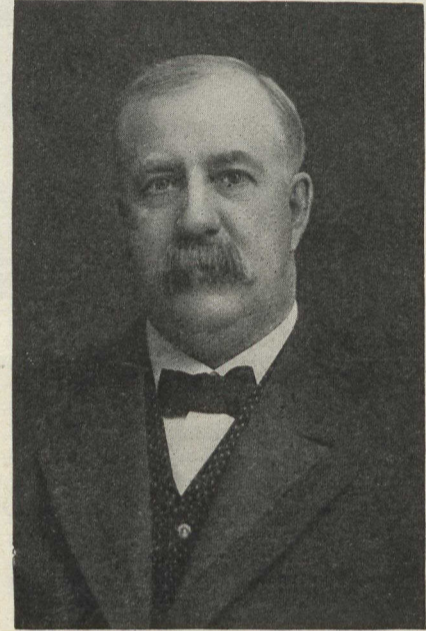
AS a result of the Municipal Survey of Toronto, made by New York experts last year at the expense of a citizens' committee, the idea has been crystallized that the city's fire-fighting force should be organized for fire prevention as well as for fire extinguishing. The Board of Control has decided to create a Fire Prevention Commission, consisting of five persons. These will include the Chief of the Brigade, the Medical Health Officer, the City Architect, a representative of the Fire Underwriters, and another representative from the Toronto Fire Prevention Association. This is a move which might be emulated by every Canadian city.

Other reforms in the Fire Department will include the establishment of a properly equipped drill school.

a better inspection department, and a broader fire record department. These reforms are also to be credited to the Municipal Survey, although this should not detract from the credit which is due to the city officials and city council for recognizing the value of the suggestions and for their willingness to give them effect. Every city council in Canada, in spite of the criticism which is generally loaded upon it, is anxious to do the best it can for the municipality which it governs. When it fails, it fails for lack of information or leadership not because of any unwillingness to do the right thing or adopt the correct method.

Manitoba Elections

TWO issues occupy the leading position in the general election campaign which has just closed in the Province of Manitoba. The first related to the abolition of the bar and gave the campaign something of the same aspect as that held in Ontario a fortnight previously. The temperance movement was more modified and less spectacular and apparently more successful. Some of the speakers in the campaign, notably Rev. Mr. Gordon (Ralph Connor) and Mrs. Nellie McClung, the author, were so extreme as to create animosity in the minds of more moderate reformers.



SIR RODMOND ROBLIN.

But the results were not such as to carry any considerable condemnation for these enthusiasts.

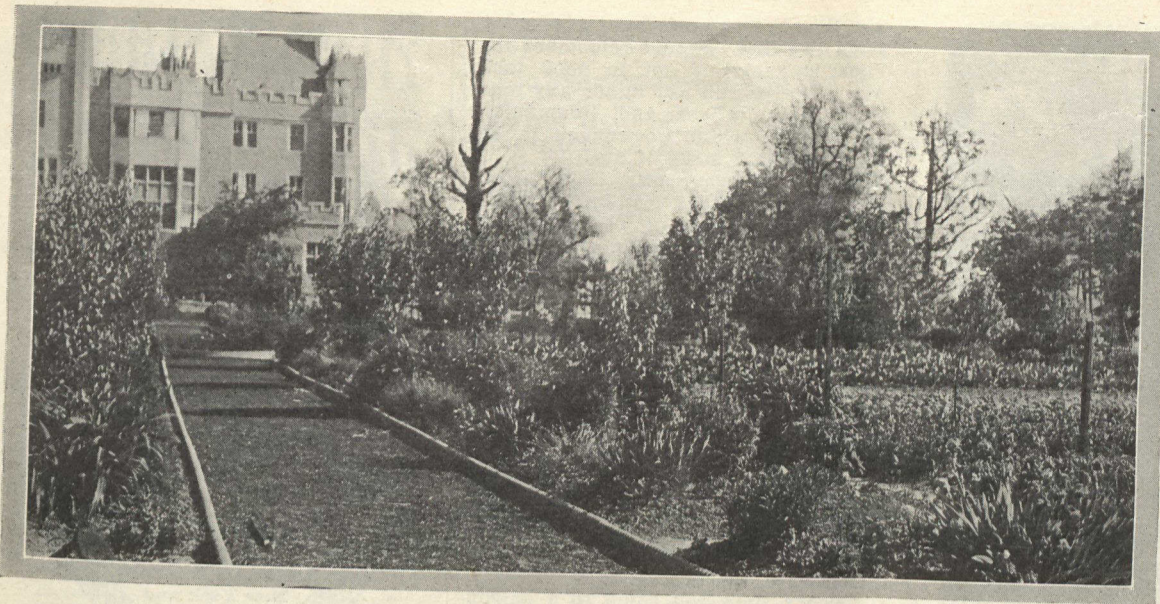
The second issue was bilingual schools, which were advocated and supported by the Ruthenians and the French Roman Catholics on the one side, and condemned by the Orangemen on the other side. This issue seems to have changed more votes.

The general result is that the Liberal Opposition have increased their forces from about thirteen in a House of forty-two to about twenty-three in a House of forty-nine. The exact figures will not be known until the three deferred elections are held and all the recounts have taken place. It seems tolerably certain, however, that the Roblin Government, though badly shaken up, will have a slight majority.

Sir Rodmond Roblin became Premier of the Province of Manitoba in 1900, after twelve years of service in the Legislature. He has thus directed the destinies of that Province for fourteen years, and in that time has fathered much legislation of a progressive and important character. Nevertheless, there has always been a feeling that in his election campaigns he has insisted too much upon machine methods and has gone too far in trying to stifle such public opinion as was not prepared to lend him support. Under these circumstances it was natural that a large number of people in Manitoba should decide that a change of government would be advisable. Fourteen years is long enough in office for any premier, and little fault can be found with the people for the way in which they voted.

M. R. T. C. NORRIS, the Liberal leader, is a native of Ontario (as is Premier Roblin). He is lacking in the showiness and daring which people expect in a political leader, and did not bring any overpowering personal elements to bear upon the situation. Nevertheless, he is credited with being a vigorous and trustworthy leader, and one who could be relied upon to govern the Province with care and skill. It is quite evident that, barring accidents, he will be Premier at a not very distant date. When he assumes these responsibilities he will no doubt bulk much larger in the public mind. This is the usual experience in Canadian politics. No Opposition leader is very highly regarded until he becomes a premier, and then he usually displays qualities with which he had not been generally credited.

This particular election had a national significance, because it was generally supposed that had Premier Roblin been overwhelmingly successful, as was Sir James Whitney, it was possible that the Conservative administration at Ottawa might deem it advisable to make an appeal to the country. The indecisiveness of the result in Manitoba makes the situation more speculative. The general belief among Conservative politicians is that there will be no Dominion general election until after another session at Ottawa. Sir Robert Borden will probably come nearer serving out his maximum term than the Conservative Premiers of Ontario and Manitoba.



A lesson in shrub grouping on the lawn at Casa Loma.

A Vegetable Garden Beautiful

The Blending of Beauty and Utility in the Form of Flower and Vegetable

By E. T. COOK

DURING the past spring a series of articles has been published dealing with forms of gardening that are more commonly adopted outside the Dominion, but in time will have engrafted themselves into the decorative art of the landscape artist in this country. The strong point that has been insisted upon is the simplicity of it all, but a question was asked: "Oh, why tell of rock and water gardens, of ravines over-run with flowers, of shubberies and this and that? All is impossible." We have no conception of what this means, but it is to be hoped the illustrations that have gone with the notes have had some teaching value. We now take one of the simplest of all plans in garden design—that of making the vegetable or kitchen garden, call it what you will—beautiful. Interesting it always is, or should be. The writer has endeavoured for some time past to lay great stress upon the need of a vegetable garden which provides the most wholesome of food—peas, beans, corn and other nutritious esculents for the household, food as important in the dietary of mankind as the flesh of animals. But the vegetable has yet to play the strong part in the economy of the kitchen, it is served up even in high places, where one would expect things more complete, in unappetizing ways, and its position in the garden is menial.

THE illustrations taken in Sir Henry Pellatt's well-equipped garden, at Casa Loma, Toronto, show that whilst the vegetable garden is filled with a wonderful choice grown in the best ways, it is also beautiful. A plantation of cabbage, potatoes or some other vegetable has to some a certain distinction, but it scarcely appeals to the lover of the beautiful as something to paint, something to fill the artistic soul with transcendent joy. Rather it has affinity to the stable and outhouse. This the illustrations refute, and the lessons they convey should result in not only a more widespread interest in the culture of vegetables, but in surrounding their prosaic nature with flowers. This is very simple. Generally the vegetable garden is square, but no matter what the shape may be, it is divided into sections, each vegetable having the allotted portion of soil that most befits the kind chosen, and by the paths run borders of hardy annual and biennial flowers from which gatherings may be made for the home, thus avoiding disturbance of the immediate surroundings of the house, where colour and scent are sought for whilst summer lasts. These "reserve" borders—for such we may call them—are the gardener's storehouse of beauty, and schemes of colour need not enter into the year's work—the plants are there for the purpose of giving plentifully to supply the home and to friends. The borders should be filled with plants that are most denied in the home—long-spurred Columbines (Aquilegias), the fairest of flowers for the decoration of the table; Larkspurs, that give noble spikes in varying shades of blue, for tall vases; Peonies, to group in large bowls; Coreopsis grandiflora, with graceful stems of yellow blossom; Cosmea, or Cosmos, the late-blooming annual of fairy gracefulness; blue Cornflower, Sweet Peas, Forget-Me-Nots, Flag Irises, the Cloud plant, Gypsophila paniculata, as it is popularly described; Lupines, in blue, rose and white colourings; Pyrethrums, and annual Salpiglossis and Scabious—just a few flowers that are in the best sense decorative and offer few cultural difficulties. No attempt should be made to make a flower garden or to introduce shrubs, simply borders to soften the flat, conventional outline of a piece of ground set apart for the growth of esculents. Between the groups of perennials may be introduced a few of the finer Darwin Tulips for colour, and no flower of spring-

time seems more welcome for gathering. Those that give the most pleasure are Orange King, Moonlight, Gesneriana spathulata, Royal Crown, Golden Bronze, Inglescombe Pink, Inglescombe Yellow, Clara Butt, Loveliness, la Tulipe Noire, Carminea, Edouard Andre, Glow, Farncombe Sanders, Rev. H. Ewbank, Salmon King, The Sultan, Bouton d'Or, Dom Pedro, Fulgens, Golden Crown, Macrospika, Picotee, and The Fawn, which have this advantage, they last longer than flowers in general when gathered, remaining fresh frequently for over a week. Before the fall think out the ways of bringing garden beauty to the vegetable garden and the smallest plot may be considered. The writer was in a small garden recently given over chiefly to vegetables and the walk was lined on either side with the Flag Iris in many lovely variations. This was an instance of getting full value for the space at disposal, and the line of flowers was a little picture of colour with something for the kitchen behind it.

All Sorts of Lilies

SELDOM it is that the true Lily is described in our journals, though many flower lovers attempt their culture with varying success. By "true Lily" is meant the big, scented Auratum, the pure white flower of the Madonna, candidum, and others of equal fascination. An enthusiastic amateur wrote to the writer that he made a practice of trying one kind every year, beginning the first year with the four hardy lilies known generally for their beauty and constancy—L. candidum, already mentioned; Tiger Lily, L. tigrinum and its well-named form splendens, and L. croceum, which is called the Orange Lily the world over. These are considered safe, but the splendid Auratum has a life of only about three years. Two years ago the beautiful orange-yellow, L. Henryi, was planted, and so far has given the greatest satisfaction. The exhibit which secured first prize at a show of the Toronto Horticultural Society was greatly admired, and the spikes grew to a height of five feet, their grace and colouring enhanced by the Roses, Frau Karl Druschki and Mrs. R. G. Sharman Crawford in association. Nineteen

lilies were tried, and of these the following are strongly commended, Tenuifolium, a lily only 18 inches high, bright scarlet in colour and the earliest to flower; Wallacei, a large flower, orange-scarlet, spotted with maroon; candidum, speciosum rubrum, rosy white, spotted with crimson; and tigrinum, which, let it be noted, my correspondent says, will "grow under almost all conditions." I saw some last summer, and the proud owner explained to me that they were 30 years old. They certainly looked exquisite, between two clumps of pale blue Delphiniums. Next is croceum, and then Henryi, which needs some shade, the flowers having a tendency to fade in full sun. A few practical observations are summed up. Give a rich sandy and loamy soil, and as Lilies are averse to wet feet, a 3-inch drain tile has been put down the full length of the garden in front of the Roses and Lilies and about twelve inches deep. The Lilies are planted the same as one would May-flowering Tulips, that is, according to size—but none less than six inches deep. Put in three or four inches of sharp building sand, and after placing the bulb, then a sprinkling of more sand mixed with sandy loam, on and around the bulbs. Manure should not come into contact with them, and though Lilies are rarely attacked by insect pests, they are frequently afflicted with fungoid diseases. A Lily, for instance, will sometimes die away suddenly and without apparent cause, the whole plant in time collapsing. If the bulbs are examined they may be found faultless, one explanation of the disease being, a weakening of the constitution of the Lily through a severe winter, and over-manuring. Auratum is the most quickly affected. An excellent preventive is a thick sprinkling of powdered sulphur on the bulbs before they are planted.

Flag Iris—Plant Now

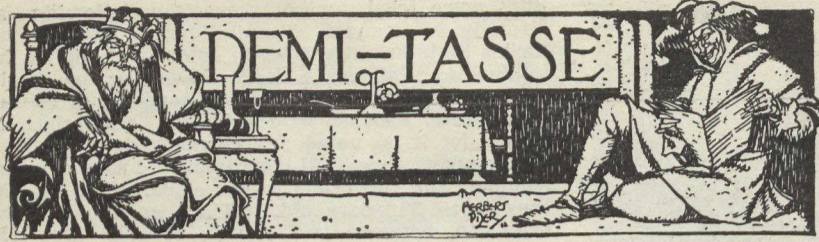
A DISTINCTIVE liking that the lovely Iris, or "Flag," has, is to be lifted, when the growth is matted or an increase of stock is desired, transplanting elsewhere immediately after flowering. This note is therefore seasonal, and the work takes place when there is time for its proper carrying out. In various ways this noble flower may be used, by waterside, to line a border, in groups in shade, and the reserve garden, from which the tall, highly-decorative spikes may be gathered for vases in the house. The colours are beautiful in their many subtle and "artistic" shades, and a sweet perfume floats from the broad petals. There is, however, too much sameness in our collections, and orange and brown prevail, but the Flag family contains kinds that are the finest of all perennials, and these occur to mind, Kharput, velvety-purple; Mrs. G. Darwin, lilac and white; pallida Princess Beatrice, a lovely flower, lavender shades; pallida, which should be the first chosen; Madame Chereau, a great favourite, white feathered with blue; gracchus, crimson and white; and Maori King, golden yellow and maroon. It is only necessary to divide the clumps with a spade, and not to plant deep, about three inches. This class of Iris does not like much soil over the roots.

Refrigerating Flowers

COMMERCIAL flower growers in Canada will be interested to know that at Nice, in France, a new refrigerating hall has just been constructed in which the temperature can be lowered to two degrees above zero. Cut flowers are deposited in this hall as soon as they are gathered, where they retain all their freshness, colour, and perfume for four weeks, in the case of certain kinds for even six weeks. As they are required, the flowers are taken from the store, packed, loaded on refrigerator waggons, and sent abroad. This method goes far to solve the problem of meeting the fluctuating demand of the flower market in the great centres.



Beauty and utility are combined in this flower border round the kitchen garden at Casa Loma.



Courierettes.

TY COBB, the ball player, had to pay a \$50 fine for striking a butcher. Ty always was somewhat of a hitter.

Anyway, even if N. W. Rowell didn't abolish the bars, he gave water a lot of advertising.

Queen Mary has been made a colonel in the British army. Now let the rival nations have a care!

The most pitiable looking object in July is a last season's Panama hat.

A Hamilton alderman wants eggs to be sold by weight. Some men's opinions would not bring much if sold the same way.

Temperance people of Wooler, Ont., will build a temperance hotel. They practise while others preach.

Street traffic in big cities has divided the population into two classes—heroes and sprinters.

Strange as it may seem, dumb animals had their say when a recent Sunday was set aside as Animal Sunday.

Irish folks in New York are not sending much money to aid the Home Rule cause. The patriotism that touches the pocket is almost out of date.

They have discovered several large leaks in the Toronto City Hall roof. There are other leaks, it is whispered, around the same building.

What a wonderful world this would be if all the seeds we sow came up and bloomed into flowers like the pictures on the packages!

Sir James Whitney had a popular majority of 55,000 at the recent election. It is decidedly a "popular" majority—with him.

Compensation.—Even if the stock broker is too busy to get away to the lakes on a vacation, he may take a plunge into the market if he can find a well-watered stock.

This is Tough.—It was all very well for Sir George Eulas Foster to get his title, but something should have been done to protect him from the sonnet that a Toronto lawyer wrote in his honour. 'Twas a wise man who prayed to be saved from his friends.

Uncle Sam's Quandry.—Teddy Roosevelt has resigned from the editorial staff of The Outlook. What on earth will the great American nation do without his advice?

A Trifle Premature.—Here's a bit of unconscious humour which was found the other day on the women's page of the Toronto Daily Star:

"A very pretty wedding was solemnized at St. Anne's Catholic Church, Gerrard Street East, on the 17th, the 'contending' parties being—"
This couple had lost no time.

Sporting Note.—Tom Flanagan, of Toronto, says the Johnson-Moran fight was the best heavyweight battle he ever saw. But we must not overlook the fact that Thomas had something to do with staging that spectacle.

Doherty's Five Roles.—For a few days recently, Hon. C. J. Doherty was

Minister of Justice, Acting Premier, Acting Minister of Labour, Agriculture and of the Interior. Some actor!

The Why of the Rod.—"Don't whip him," petitioned his mother's sister when Johnny had fallen half-way downstairs as a result of going against his mother's orders.

"I will, indeed," said that resolute parent. "I would very much rather whip him than see him hurt."

Passing It Round.—Strange, isn't it—the Liberals in Ontario have not accused Sir James Whitney of having waved "The Old Flag." That immemorial decoration was apparently sojourning in Manitoba. Later it will be returned to Sir Robert Borden who may need it later in the year.

Politics and Piety.—A man signing himself "Vote-as-you-Pray," wrote a letter to the Toronto Star last week. Judging from that letter the man prays Grit.

Named.—"The Million Dollar Mystery"—Ontario's new Government House.

A Great City.—Toronto is proving its own greatness by increasing its assessment and its taxes twenty per cent. every year. The people like the joke so well that the Assessment Commissioner's salary is also increased every year. Yes, the To-



"Ladies and Gentlemen—This little flea came off the battleship 'Dreadnought.' Now this—"
Sailor (one of the "Dreadnought" crew) interrupting—
"Garn! what do you mean? I came off the 'Dreadnought,' and she's a clean ship, she is."
Performer (promptly)—"Yes, quite so—as I was about to say—the 'Dreadnought' is such a clean ship that this little flea couldn't stay on it."

ronto people are the most optimistic, happy-go-luckiest, t'hell-with-posterity-ist people on the continent of North America, only excepting the cities of Mexico, Nicaragua, Guatemala and Costa Rico.

Bad Language.—Speaking of the defeat of the Liberal-Temperance men in the Ontario elections, the editor of the Toronto Globe rings out the declaration: "Men who to-day, because of one rebuff, talk about quitting the field, will to-morrow spit on their hands."

Perhaps this is reminiscent of good

old Scotch customs, but the "Man from the Glen" should remember that such language is not in good taste. We don't spit on our hands any more—we hire Italians and Roumanians to do that while we engage in the more pleasant tasks of life.

The Davidson-Scotts, the Jones-Browns, and other leading Canadian-Scotch subscribers of The Globe will not appreciate this plain reference to their recent past.

Worth the Wait.—A Chicago man has to wait three years for a bride worth \$30,000,000. At the rate of \$10,000,000 we're all willing to join the Waiters' Union.

Sure Cure.—"Drinking is a bad habit, but it can be cured by walking."

"Remarkable! But how? Give us particulars."
"Every time you come to a saloon walk right past it."

Experience Teaches.—Because a Chinaman in a New York court the other day did not know how to swear and had never seen a Bible, his suit was dismissed.

After that he probably learned to swear.

Some Gift.—Down in an Indiana town a woman gave some eggs to help rebuild a church. Why didn't she give an extra dozen and let them build a new church?

Considerably.—An English writer, Francis Toye, declares that the American girl is "the most beautiful thing under heaven." Yes, a long way under heaven.

Exceeding the Speed Limit.—Now that the spotlight has been turned on Calgary, many and divers are the stories being told of lost opportunities and lucky holdings of oil stocks in that city. Here is one that is remarkable enough, and yet has a plausible ring to it.

The chauffeur of a certain gentleman in Calgary had many times put his employer to expense and inconvenience by his speeding propensities. He had been up before the magistrate more times than was healthy for him, and, finally, he was caught exceeding the speed limit on the main street, summoned, and fined fifty dollars and costs or sixty days. He appealed to his employer to extricate him, as he had not the funds to satisfy the fine. The employer refused, the offence had been committed too often. The chauffeur offered as security some oil stock which he held, supposed to be worth some forty odd dollars. His employer said no—positively, and the man went to jail. When the sixty days had elapsed and he was free, his forty dollars worth of oil stock had increased in value to something like seventy-five thousand dollars. The first thing he did was to buy an automobile, a good one, and speed down the main street at about fifty miles an hour. He fully expected to be caught and fined, but nothing happened. It's true, that luck invariably arrives in bunches.

Slightly Sarcastic.—An Irishman was showing an English friend round Montreal. "How many people are there here, Pat?" queried the Englishman.

"Oh, about a hundred thousand," said the Irishman.

"Why, I thought there were over half a million?"

"Well," said Pat, "there are—if you count the French."

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The Bird of Fortune

(Continued from page 8.)

moment later Lucia is whirled away through the lane of light.

Springtime's sun beat down upon Tony and Tuzzi, but it brought gladness to neither. Tony stood at a busy corner and vigorously rendered operatic selections, but he could not coax a copper from the hurrying crowd. Everyone was intent on present business; no one cared about the future. Tuzzi had no chance to prophesy.

"Not a fortune to-day," murmured Tony, in disgust. "The luck has gone with my Lucia. But Tuzzi must choose a fortune for me if no one else will buy one."

He whistled, and Tuzzi, answering the signal, reached down and plucked up a paper prediction with his beak. Tony took it from him in exchange for a piece of bread, deserted the crank, breaking the Miserere off suddenly, and read this:

"In the very near future a stranger will cross your path. He will bring you wealth and happiness. Soon afterward you will meet a very beautiful lady with dark complexion and black hair. You will fall in love with her and will marry her. You will live to old age, and will have great good luck."

Tony did not think this at all humorous, but he laughed, nevertheless. The laugh was cut short by Adolphus G. Gibbs, who was at that moment wondering which way the instructor at the garage had told him to move the little jigger thing on the wheel to advance the spark. He was so busy with this problem that he failed to notice Tony.

They tried to patch Tony up a little in the corner pharmacy while they were waiting for the ambulance. The street piano had been smashed and scattered the several spring zephyrs. Tuzzi fluttered up to a nearby sign and gazed down upon the wreckage with an air of annoyance.

BE it chronicled to the credit of Adolphus G. Gibbs that he did not hasten away after the catastrophe. Even if he had been sure how to start the car again he would not have done so. He followed those who carried Tony into the drug store and spent an important five minutes conjecturing as to whether anything more serious than manslaughter could be proven against him.

When Tony appeared on the scene again he paid no attention to Tuzzi. This was because he was lying on a stretcher unconscious, but Tuzzi thought it was neglect. In a fit of resentment he fluttered to the next convenient sign. It seemed rather good to him to exercise his wings, so he fluttered farther. In an hour he had completely forgotten the dignity that had been his as a prophet and had, indeed, almost forgotten Tony.

Canada's metropolis is a busy place, but plenty of people succeeded in finding time to devote to Tuzzi. Whenever he flew down to the street some one tried to capture him; when he stopped to rest, small urchins assembled and pelted him with mud.

Through miles of streets the little prophet fluttered from lamp-post to sign and from sign to window-ledge, until he had lost track of all familiar landmarks. He was in a part of the city quite new to him. Tall houses with shutters closed towered high on either side of a dingy canyon of a street. There were no signs to serve as resting-places; the lamp-posts were far apart. Tuzzi flew from a porch-top to a window-ledge higher up and perched there solemnly inspecting his surroundings.

Through the partly open shutter came a sound that Tuzzi knew. It was meant to be a gay little tune, but there was a note of sadness in it. Tuzzi cocked his serious little green head on one side and listened. Despite the minor note he recognized it. He poked his little body through the narrow opening in the shutter and fluttered into the arms of Lucia.

"Tuzzi!—my Tuzzi—and you have come for me then?" murmured Lucia. She sank down in a heap upon the floor and sobbed over the parrot. "Will he take me back again, my Tuz-

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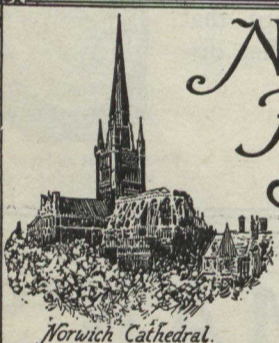
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zi?—Will he love me now if I can but return to him?" she repeated endlessly.

The house was very still. Holding the parrot under her arm, the girl made her way stealthily into the hallway. Slowly, noiselessly, she crept down the stairway. The heavy door was closed and bolted but the key was in the lock. She started nervously as a footstep sounded in the hallway above. Frantically she clawed at the bolts and turned the key swiftly. The door swung open. Clutching the parrot closely she ran swiftly down the street.

Three weeks later Tony limped painfully out of the hospital and made his way slowly and with many fine Italian curses to his old room. Lucia was sitting by the window; Tuzzi hopped restlessly on the perch in the

"You!" gasped Tony quite the way, the hero of the melodrama gasps "You!" when he finds the heroine tied to the rails, only Tony gasped it in Italian.

"Forgive me, my Tony," pleaded Lucia. "I was searching for you—you had not come—they took me away—and—and they would not let me come

back. See! Tuzzi found me—we have been waiting here for you."

And Tuzzi squawked peevisly, for they seemed to have forgotten him.

After a while Lucia went to the rickety old bureau and pulled out a little bundle of ten dollar bills. With the bills was a card. It bore the line:

"ADOLPHUS G. GIBBS."

"See, Tony!" she exclaimed. "This man came here, oh, days ago, and left this money. It is for you."

Tony gasped. "The fortune!" he muttered. "The stranger!"

"He spoke a great deal—oh, a great deal—but I could not understand," added Lucia. "He called me 'Meesas Fransacchi.'"

"'Meesas'" repeated Tony thoughtfully. "Ah, yes—beautiful! dark eyes! black hair—yes, it is the fortune! Tomorrow, my Lucia, we will go to the Padre; we will give him money for mass, and we will be married. Then you will never again leave me and we will be very happy."

"The Padre! Married!" exclaimed Lucia.

"It is the custom of the country," declared Tony with a shrug, "also it is in the fortune. It is so foretold by Tuzzi."

Motors and Horses

A FEW years ago Ontario farmers became very much alarmed because the new-fangled contraption called the "automobile" was scaring the horses into several kinds of convulsion fits. And so it was. The farmers had a long lingo of grievances against the new vehicle, because it scared horses, killed chickens, ran over dogs, and threw dust on the clothes lines. All of which was more or less true. But scaring the horse was the fundamental grievance; which most farmers predicted never would be removed.

Now it begins to look as though in some districts the motor-car has not only scared the horse into fits, but has almost started to obliterate him out of existence. The Ontario Government has been conducting a census of traffic in various parts of the Province. The Government is to spend thirty million dollars improving the highways of Ontario, on the principle that good roads are no longer the exclusive business of the local pathmaster and the township council. Since the motor-car came into general use a large percentage of traffic is from county to county. A motor-car travels from one to two hundred miles a day easily. The average journey of a horse is under forty miles, which, in the case of farm horses, means twenty miles there and back.

As there are several thousand motor-cars in Toronto, a large percentage of Toronto to any agreeable point within a hundred miles' radius, one census of traffic was taken on a main highway of this traffic, which is north towards Lake Simcoe via old Yonge Street. Ten years ago nine-tenths of the travel on this road was farmers' rigs, from the load of dead hogs and of timothy hay to the rubber-tired rig that was supposed to pass anything on the road. Since the motor-car became a general habit of the well-to-do, the motorist has begun to even up with the farmer for using the paved streets of Toronto for his hay waggons and the like. Twenty years ago the farmer became wise to the advantages of asphalt when he began to drive his loads of hay down the fine level pavement of Jarvis Street, which was the first pike in Toronto to be paved so level that a two-ton load bowled down it with slack traces and singletrees clacking on the tongue. The farmer knew a good road when he got to it. And the residents of Jarvis Street, and the taxpayers of Toronto who paid for the road had no claim to kick on the farmer's sagacity.

But it was rather a different story when the motorist began to kick up a dust and burrow out ruts in the nice sandy or alleged gravel road of York county. The farmer said he had paid for the road, or had made it by the sweat of his brow over statute labour, and he didn't think the motor-car man

had much right to use it the way he did without being taxed for it, let alone to be scaring horses and killing hens and throwing dust into the houses.

Now the Government has taken the road problem in hand through the Good Roads Commission, to find out just what the traffic was on main highways throughout the older Ontario. One of the best results of the census was obtained from the highway leading north from Toronto. The count was made carefully between the hours of 7 a.m., when the first hay waggons begin to come down, and 7 p.m., when the last one is supposed to be on the road home. The census was taken between the close of the regular motoring season and the opening of the farm-haulage season to market. It lasted several days, and the results are as follows:

	Weekly	Daily
	Total.	Av.
One-horse light vehicle...	257	36.5
One-horse heavy vehicle..	80	11.4
Two-horse light vehicle..	28	4.0
Two-horse heavy vehicle..	341	48.7
Runabout	112	16.0
Motor trucks	56	8.0
Touring car	704	100.5
Total	1,578	

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MONEY AND MAGNATES

That Paris Situation

WHY should Canadians worry about Paris and the French loan? Simply because Paris is one of the greatest makers of world-prosperity and world-depression. When Paris is out of sorts the world feels it and knows it.

Paris has been disquieted for many months. The Government wanted a big loan, and as it controlled the Stock Exchange, no flotations have been made for some time. The Government made the brokers and bankers refrain from offering investments to the public. Hence money piled up in the banks. Every man's savings account expanded enormously.

Finally, elections being over, the Government loan came on. The people had saved so much money that the loan was subscribed many times over.



IS IT THE HOT WEATHER?
MR. BULL IS ONCE MORE HORS DE COMBAT

They had so much money to invest that the loan was a mere morsel. The people could have paid off the whole national debt of France and never felt it. The loan was taken up, and now other flotations will follow. French savings will now be put in circulation—as in the days when prosperity was world-wide and epidemic.

Canada is affected by this, because Paris money was tied up awaiting the French loan and no money could be secured by Canadians, Brazilians, or anybody else. Now that French earnings are free to go where they will, Brazil and Argentina and Canada will benefit.

No nation liveth unto itself. The politicians may talk differently, but Canadian success is largely dependent upon the easy money of the world. Every borrowing nation is in the same position. When the lending countries are lending, we have a glorious time. When the lending countries are not lending, everything goes to the bally bow-wows.

This explains Canada's interest in the French situation. For months the Paris "tie-up" affected us, indirectly through London, and also directly. Now that the French Government loan has been successfully floated, the way is opened to better financial conditions all over the Western world.

Hoarding in Europe

FRENCH people have been piling up money in the banks, and also hoarding gold. The people of other European countries have been doing the same. The practice is something which Canadians cannot easily understand. There is no hoarding of gold or paper money here, except by foreigners of the most ignorant type.

The difference between America and Europe is that "wars and rumours of wars" are unknown on this continent of a hundred years of peace. Our people are never in fear of international complications. Even in Holland, the buffer state between Germany and Britain, there has been much hoarding during the past year. People have been turning in their bank notes, their bank certificates, and other securities, and taking the gold into their houses. To Canadians this would seem unreasonable, yet such is the state of fear which holds the people of Europe in thrall.

So long as this fear continues, the world-wide shortage of "money for investment" will continue. The success of the big French loan has helped draw out the hoardings of France, but there is still a lively fear of a fresh Balkan war, of complications in Austria, because of the possible death of the reigning monarch, and of a general European conflict to preserve the balance of power among the nations.

What to Buy

AS this is no time to sell, advice is all for buyers. Any person who is loaded up with stocks should forget them, and go for a holiday. He should not be tempted to sell.

While this is true, the buyer must go carefully. There are bargains to be picked up, but the picking must be done with intelligence. The man who buys indiscriminately, even in the day of bargains, may have some trying moments before he sees a profit.

In the first place, he should not buy mining stocks, fox-farm stocks, or Calgary oil stocks. These are so certainly speculative that only the gambler will indulge in them. They are speculations; not investments.

Secondly, no wise Canadian will buy Mexicans, Brazilians, or Spanish stocks. They are too speculative. Speaking of Barcelona common, particu-

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WOMAN'S SUPPLEMENT

A FEW PAGES PREPARED TO MY LADY'S TASTE

As We See Others

Bigness and Importance

LORD COLERIDGE it was, I think, who reminded an over-buoyant orator who was discoursing on the bigness of the greatest Republic that the countries which have played the most significant part in history have been "little lands." Lord Coleridge referred pointedly to Egypt, Greece, Italy and England, and urged the necessity for considering greatness rather than bigness. Of course, it sounds very impressive to talk of the immense expanse between the Atlantic and the Pacific, and the many miles which stretch between the forty-ninth parallel and Dawson City; but, after all, there is something rather paralyzing about vastness. Have you ever seen a picture of the mountains, for instance, which possesses the artistic fidelity of a sketch of woodlands or a bit of sunlit pasture? The mountains, in their loftiest aspects, the sea, in its stormiest moods, are not for mere mortals to grasp and interpret. We have become so accustomed, on this continent, to the praise of bigness, that we are in danger of assuming that it is some surpassing national virtue which has given us Lake Superior and the Rocky Mountains.

There is a certain breezy boastfulness, which has a picturesque quality of its own and adds to the variety of dinner-talk. We know of the man from Missouri, who informed the Englishman that the Thames would not make a gargle for the mouth of the Mississippi. Yet the Tiber and the Thames have meant more in the history of modern civilization than any stream of the New World, and the little Kingdom of the Netherlands has played a part in diplomacy, war and art, which makes such spacious territories as Russia or Brazil appear suddenly shrunken. It is not necessary to abuse the big country or the imposing enterprise—merely to be on the guard against confusing bigness with significance.

There is evidence lately that the world is rather tired of Chinese gong methods in business and society—to say nothing of religion. With regard to the latter, nothing more delightful by way of satire than Professor Leacock's "Whirlwind Campaign" in his "Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town" has ever been written. The "booms" which have built cheap towns have nearly always resulted disastrously for the community, and the noisy years in national life have not been the most productive. There is a certain dignity about contentment which bestows a charm, unknown to envious striving. This contentment has tended too much to incompleteness and hastiness in execution, with a consequent loss of distinction. Bigness is not to be despised, but it is not an essential of eminence.

A Western Story

AS a rule, we prefer optimistic to pessimistic fiction, and yet it is edifying occasionally to pursue the chronicle of a hero's tribulations. Such a story is found in a recent tale of our Canadian West. However as "The City of Hope" has a joyous ending, and the real estate is fairly remunerative in the course of its many transfers, the narrative can hardly be considered entirely one-sided. The author is Miss Cicely Fox Smith, an Englishwoman, who is now a resident of a city in British Columbia. Her poetry, especially that in the nature of sea songs, is of remarkable quality, and her acquaintance with nautical affairs is such that it is not matter for surprise that some book reviewers should refer to the writer as "Mr. Fox Smith."

The earlier chapters remind one, in their description of the young Englishman who has been swindled in a far country, of the adventures of Martin Chuzzlewit and Mark Tapley in the swamps of Eden. In fact, we have another Mark in this story, of the surname of "Russell." If the latter does not succeed in the role of being "uncommon jolly," as well as the immortal Mark of Dickens fame, he, nevertheless, proves himself an extremely plucky young hero, who deserves the charming heroine who has come bravely through the most appalling afflictions—as is the way of heroines in all climates and cen-

turies. The most repulsive man in the story is Ray Mundy—and here we are reminded again of Dickens and that dreadful Hannibal Chollop. However, Roxie Mundy is even worse than her father, and only a woman writer could have made the details of Roxie's manners and morals so superlatively disgusting. Like the unspeakable King John, as described in the old green-backed history with which we were acquainted in the days of childhood, the character of Roxie bears no redeeming feature. For the benefit of our readers, we may state that Miss Roxie came from Dakota, while the heroine, Frankie Wallis, although the daughter of English settlers, may fairly be considered a Canadian.

The book shows the folly—nay, the cruelty—of leading a young Englishman of fairly broad education to expect that



MRS. PLUNKETT MAGANN

A Toronto hostess who is also a past mistress in the art of dress. The grace of her toilettes is invariably remarked at the functions she attends in the gay city, and the one she presents in our picture is no exception. Lady Sybil Grey, not many months since, was one of the house guests of this charming hostess.

he will find much more than hard work, sometimes of the most menial nature, in the small towns of the West. There are many pitiful instances of young lads coming from comfortable English homes into conditions for which they are totally unprepared. Is it wonderful, then, that so many of them should take John Barleycorn for their own familiar friend, with results that are invariably tragic? We have some contemptible "remittance men" from the Old Land, who have done both the country they left and the country to which they condescended to come, infinite harm. But we have also held out to young Englishmen prospects which were all too alluring, while townsites artists have painted pictures, in which the colours were merely chromatic falsehood.

Our West is a land worthy to stand on its own merits. That it has been hurt by the exploiters of mines, containing no minerals, and real estate agents, whose property was as aerial as Castles in Spain, is not to be gainsaid—but other and older provinces of the Dominion have suffered in the same fashion from the foes in their own households. We

are assured of the ultimate prosperity of the West, and the greatness of her destiny. Yet, this novel, by a British Columbia writer, is well worth reading, although it cannot be called a notable work of literary art. It is not all the truth about the City of Hope, but it is a wholesome slice of it.

A Cessation in Muck-Raking

CCHEERING it is to notice that the magazines have paused in their mad career of exposing all manner of wickedness in high places and low places, and are disposed to allow us to be amused or edified for a few months, with such stories and articles as are not an exploitation of the seamy side of existence. At least, we should infer that such is their kindly intention, judging from a few stray "popular" issues we have seen. No longer is the awful fate which awaits the girl toiler in the large city impressed upon us on every occasion, no longer are the dark doings of the political "boss" proclaimed by a pure-hearted cleanser of civic by-ways. It is a genuine relief to be able to pick up a magazine which does not display in startling type on the cover the title of the latest masterpiece in muck-raking.

There can be no worse literature for the young person than that which deals continually with the exposure of vice and villainy. Youth is so impetuous in its judgments that it is of the utmost importance that the earliest ideas should be those of hope and faith, rather than of cynical disbelief. Of course, someone may object that our periodicals are not intended for the young person, and that mature minds should be able to contemplate all this corruption with more or less benefit to the soul. But we have a right to consider the young reader—and in any case, a steady course of muck-raking is bad even for the elderly imagination. Exposure is often necessary and desirable, but there is nothing more disheartening than the constant dwelling on the failures of humanity. So, we greet with gladness the silver side of the shield, as it shows its bright surface once more.

ERIN.

Rudeness in High Places

RECENTLY it happened to be Mrs. Longworth, formerly Alice Roosevelt, who, not understanding that Sir Edward Carson is not exactly the type of human (?) from whom to extract particulars relating to private business, questioned that "uncrowned King of Ulster" at a dinner in London as to when his rumoured wedding was likely to be. For that is the sort of inquisition which is altogether too common if Americans, Canadians included, are anxious to be thought to have any respect for the excellent if sadly neglected dogma that minding one's own affairs applies here also.

Now the shame of the questioner, according to hearsay, lay less in the fact of asking the question than it did in the fact of her having been roundly snubbed. The chances are that drawing-room talk would have let Mrs. Longworth down more softly had the questioned gentleman chosen to respond with confidences concerning his intentions.

"He was not the sort of man you'd feel like quizzing about himself," said a very much wiser than average person in one of Van Dyke's stories, about an artist. And that person further excels in wisdom who abstains from putting personal questions to any "single" member of his acquaintance, including his friends. Matrimony is an intimate matter. Few things are more so. And the uncontaminated person of good breeding will refrain from seeking to exact knowledge the confiding of which would be a signal favour.

A story is told of the exquisite Beau Brummel, who, after his fortunes had suffered reduction, was recognized in Paris by an Englishwoman beneath whose window he happened to be passing. The lady evincing extreme interest in the sometime butterfly friend of the King of England, leaned patronizingly forth from the casement and invited the Beau to enter and "take tea" with her.

"Take tea," offended the hero as vulgar, to say nothing of the misplaced enthusiasm. Said he: "For myself, I take a walk; but you, madam, you take a liberty."

And that is the feeling in the normal bosom which is probed too closely about its private contents, though the Carson snub may fail the busybody.

The "Y's" Meet in Muskoka

Playing in Their Wisdom as Well as Working According to This Account

By ISOBEL BROWN



MISS CATHERINE PROCTOR

Canadian actress and leading lady with the Bonstelle Players, who are holding the theatrical fort in Toronto this summer at the Royal Alexandra.

THE Young Women's Christian Association, in line with all great organizations of this age, from the Church to the "Ad" men, is wont to meet in convention or conference, and to realize the strength drawn from unity of aim and spirit.

A remarkable testimony was borne to this sixth annual conference, which has just finished its session at Elgin House. "I dare say you will not be sorry when the conference is over," said a delegate to a girl in the hotel, who had been busy from early morn till dewy eve, attending to the comforts of the 207 delegates.

"Yes I will," the girl affirmed. "I'd much rather make fifty beds for these busy, happy people, who are always cheerful and friendly, than make ten for some of our summer visitors, who fuss and complain, and are never satisfied." Surely the conference has been worth while for this one thing only—if it has made two hundred women appear to be joyous and gracious, grateful and contented!

But the conference has been worth while in a hundred ways!

The daily Bible Study Sessions, conducted by Prof. Gilmour, of McMaster University; Prof. Hooke, of Victoria College; Dr. Macleod, of Ste. Anne de Bellevue, and Mr. Sykes, of Toronto, opened a wider vision of individual and corporate prayer, communion and work, and inspired the students with a longing to know, and guard the truth. The Mission Study Sessions, led by Miss Claribel Platt, of Turkey; Dr. Murdock MacKenzie, of China; Mr. Stillwell, of India, and Mr. Woodsworth, secretary of the Canadian Welfare League, set forth the world-wide fields of service, and their claims upon the Christians of this generation. Dr. Norman Macleod, in a short course on the Fundamentals of the Christian Life, cleared away many of the intellectual difficulties which confront the thoughtful, and laid stress on the prime value of Christian experience. Mrs. McClure, of the Student Volunteer Movement, testified by illustrations from her own life and work in India, that the proof of the power of God's spirit is found in experience.

THE technical sessions—held separately for student and city departments, gave to each section an opportunity to investigate its own peculiar problems, to profit by the advice and ideas of others, and to construct well-considered lines of progress.

In the city department, Miss Elizabeth Hughes, the representative of the National Board of the Y. W. C. A., New York, made a splendid contribution to each session. Her talks on extension and finance were essentially practical, yet so full of certainty and success that they filled everybody with the desire to be up and doing. Membership in the Association was represented by Miss Lane to be the bond of

common service, knitting together members, secretaries and committee members. Mr. Statten and Mr. Pearson, of the Y. M. C. A., set forth the claims that the immigrant and the victim of unhealthy conditions in our cities have upon the Y. W. C. A. Already the Y. M. C. A. are helping to "Canadianize" the strangers within our gates, and to establish community centres among city populations where social evils exist; in both these fields of national work the co-operation of the Y. W. C. A. is required.

THE evening meetings, too, laid a strong emphasis on the responsibility of Canadians for their own home mission field. The value of vocational service in China and India was placed side by side with the value of labour in the home vineyard.

Mrs. MacLaren, of Ottawa, and Mr. Woodsworth, awakened every delegate to a sense of her part in bettering the social conditions in her own city, and of helping to inculcate in the great immigrant throng—who are her neighbours—the virile, progressive ideals of the nation, by giving her best and demanding of them their best. May the day be near when Canadians will no longer allude to Dukhobors as "cattle," and the Dukhobor proudly proclaim, "Me no Dukhobor! Me drink—me swear! Me Canadian!"

Truly ours is the responsibility!

Soapy, the scrub woman, had dreamed for years of the joyful day when the Lord would call her out to preach to the heathen in foreign lands. One night, after she had interceded long for this privilege, God spoke to her in a vision—

"Soapy, who lives next door?"

"A Bulgarian family," answered the would-be missionary.

"Who lives above you?"

"Two Poles," was the reply.

"Who lives below?"



A DELECTABLE DELEGATION EN MASSE

Four-score of the joyous and earnest young women who attended the recent convention in Muskoka of the Young Women's Christian Association.



THE FOLLY OF THE "Y'S."

When it came to "stunts" at the Elgin House doings "nothing could have been more convincing than the Westerners' suffragette demonstration."

"Oh, just a family of Russian Jews."

"And does anyone live opposite?"

"Yes, an American bride and groom."

"Then, Soapy," suggested the Lord, "why not begin by being a missionary at home?"

Two tangible results were apparent at the close of the conference: (1) An increased interest in the foreign field; (2) a commission was appointed from the representatives of the different universities of Canada, with the aim of forming groups, in different centres, for the study of Canadian problems, and



MISS HAZEL AMELIA BIGGER, B.A.

Daughter of Mr. C. A. Bigger, C.E., of the Geodetic Survey at Ottawa, and Mrs. Bigger, whose engagement to Mr. John A. Dawson, of Toronto, is announced.

eventually of petitioning the faculties of the universities for the establishment of regular constructive courses in sociology.

The conference was not all study. The afternoons were devoted to all kinds of fun—bathing, boating, "hiking," launch trips, and impromptu concerts.

One afternoon was set apart for "Stunts," and a varied and ingenious programme was presented by the different delegations. Nothing could have been

more convincing than the Westerners' demonstration. Victoria College, under the able direction of Profs. Gilmour and Hooke, surpassed itself as a kitchen orchestra, while 'Varsity bore off the palm in a mock parliament, which misrepresented the conference officers. Queen's acted a charming Japanese charade, and the Easterners gave a life-like portrayal of the grief and anguish of the editorial calling.

THE city associations gave a splendid rendering of Hiawatha, of life in India, and of American sport. The strenuous efforts of the performers were rewarded with tumultuous applause, followed by the soothing balm of cakes and ices.

It rained on Sports day—so the potato, three-legged, sack, and suitcase races were run off indoors, and evoked great merriment among a crowd of delighted spectators. The

afternoon's programme was varied with recitations, and the court-martial of a conference officer who had been convicted of partaking freely of biscuits and conversation at 12.15 a.m.

"Oh, dear! I wish it wasn't over! I'd like it to last all summer."

"Now I'm going to begin and live for this time next year."

Such were the sentiments in the hearts and on the lips of two hundred people as they left the delightful shore of the silver birch and the singing birds.

June, 1915, is already in view, and concepts of evolution bring us to the conclusion that there is nothing so good that it can't be better.

A Women's Ranch

FOR some time past Hon. Mrs. Norman Grosvenor, of London, England, has been busying herself on the Pacific Coast on behalf of the Colonial Intelligence League. Her work in Vancouver has consisted largely of relating edu-

cated Englishwomen who wish to come to this country with the openings and opportunities which mean success.

The Grosvenor ranch is a feature of endeavour by which the League's "associates" are assisted. It was opened last year and consists of twelve acres, near the Aberdeen and Earl Grey ranches, at Vernon. It is conducted by women entirely, directed by a superintendent, turn about being the rule of operation. Mr. W. E. Scott, Deputy Minister of Agriculture, recently expressed a favourable opinion of the ranch.



MUSIC WHICH FAILED TO CHARM THE MOSQUITO. When Victoria College, as a kitchen orchestra, contributed its share to the frequent lapses from the "life is earnest" side of the late convention. The "Y" workers all are delightfully human. (See opposite page.)

Recent Events

A GRACEFUL tribute which took the form of an elegant illuminated testimonial was recently paid to Sir Charles Tupper on the occasion of his ninety-third birthday by the Women's Canadian Club of Victoria, B.C. The text of the address was by Miss Maria Lawson, and the artistic decoration by Miss Doris Holmes, both of whom are members of the club.

To have the working children of Montreal join the Labour Day parade so as to show the public to what an extent child labour obtains throughout the city was the proposal made by Mrs. Rose Henderson, Probation Officer for the Juvenile Court, in a recent ten minute address to the local Trades and Labour Council.

Mrs. Herbert Drummond, of Vancouver, B.C., formerly of Montreal, was among the Canadians recently presented at Their Majesties' Fifth Court held at Buckingham Palace. She was presented by Lady Catherine Drummond, a cousin of Mr. Drummond.

Miss Cleghorn, ex-president of the Teachers' Union, is one of a party of forty teachers who will arrive this month in Canada from England under the auspices of the National Union of Teachers. Conducting the party is Mr. Frank Goldstone, M.P., who in this is repeating his experience of two years ago. The proposed itinerary will cover Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, Hamilton and Niagara Falls.

A popular resort for Halifax people and Nova Scotians in general is Hubbards. At this highly attractive summering place are numbers of well-known persons at present who include Mr. Harry Blackador, of the Immigration Department at Halifax, with his wife and family; His Lordship Bishop Worrell and Mrs. Worrell, and Dr. and Mrs. Gray, of Halifax.

The last meeting of the executive of the Women's Canadian Club of Vancouver, which was held at the home of the president, Mrs. J. J. Banfield, marked the fifth anniversary of the organization of the club. Following the discussion of business matters, including arrangements for the coming Dominion convention, Mrs. Banfield, assisted by the first vice-

president, Mrs. C. S. Douglas, entertained the executive members, all of whom have been such since the club began.

A garden party was recently given at the home of Mrs. George Knapman, in aid of St. Joseph's Hospital, Hamilton. Another Hamilton event of recent interest was the entertainment of the St. Cecilia Chapter, Daughters of the Empire, at the summer home of their popular regent, Mrs. Harry F. Burkholder, at Grimsby Beach.

Owing to an exacting "previous engagement, Mrs. Willoughby Cummings, of Toronto, who is National Secretary of the Women's Council,

has been obliged to decline an invitation from Lady Aberdeen to pay a visit to the Vice-Regal Lodge, in Dublin, this summer. She is expected in Vancouver for the triennial meeting of the Women's Auxiliary in September.

About three hundred Toronto babies under the supervision of their respective mothers, three nurses, and Drs. Hastings and Campbell, of the civic Health Department, recently enjoyed their first cruise in the boat generously lent for the purpose by Mr. Lol Solman, of the Toronto Ferry Company. The trips will continue throughout the summer, being of about three hours' duration, and occurring each day of the week, save

Saturday and Sunday.

An ambitious undertaking is being considered in Calgary by the Colonel Macleod Chapter, Daughters of the Empire, their intention being to erect a women's club building.

"Mr. Pepys in Winnipeg," a tip-top newspaper gossip, has expressed himself quaintly regarding the author, Mrs. Nellie McClung, in the role of campaigner. He says of her address at a local meeting: "Mistress McClung hath every Feminine Charme, and therewith a Voice which is of Womanly Softness, but she doth with it Whatever she doth Choose, and she hath Infinite Variety and Knoweth how to Range from Earnestness to Drollery, and to Flashing Sarcasm, and thereafter to True and High Eloquence, so that I was quite Carried oute of myselfe in Listening to her and Watching her, and Plainly 'twas the Same with every other Hearer."



MRS. NELLIE McCLUNG The well-known writer, who has added "campaigner" to her reputation by reason of her recent adroit manoeuvres to circumvent "Sir Roblin" in Manitoba. She fights him inasmuch as he stands for issues.

Ganong's
Chocolates

"My dear, they're Ganong's."
"Oh, then I can eat all I want."
"Certainly, do you know I'm the same way—that's why I always eat Ganong's for preference."

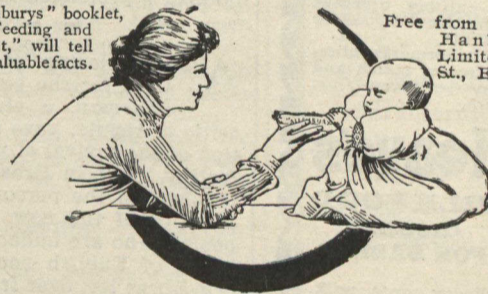
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The Canadian Woman's Press Club

MISS AGNES MAULE MACHAR has written a booklet of twenty-five pages entitled "Past Social Service of the Women of Kingston." This covers a century's record beginning with the establishment of the Midland District School Society, "to provide good schools at low rates for the education and moral improvement of the poor," until, in 1893, it was merged into the Local Council of Women. Miss Machar is doing valiant service in preserving these records for her city and for historians at large.

MRS. SILVA-WHITE, of Nanaimo, formerly Miss Clara Battle, of the Victoria Club, has removed to Sunderland, England.

THE Winnipeg Club entertained recently in honour of Mrs. Elizabeth Roberts Macdonald, a Canadian writer of verses and short stories. Mrs. Macdonald is a sister of Charles G. D. and Theodore Roberts. Mrs. Macdonald has been living in Nelson, B.C., but for the future will reside in Winnipeg.

MRS. REGINALD SMITH, the Dominion Treasurer, has been awarded \$50 by the Edmonton Industrial Association for the best song on Edmonton.

MR. ROSS, the president of the Toronto Camera Club, addressed the Toronto Club last month on the subject of the photograph, especially in its relation to newspaper work.

THE Calgary Women's Press Club have invested \$50 in Alberta oil stocks, the deal being handled by one of the members, Miss Hutton, who is a broker. Their example has been followed by the Mothers' Club of the Connaught School, Calgary, who have also invested \$50. Miss Edith McLaughlin, of the Edmonton Club, is another member who does a business in oil brokerage in her spare hours.

MRS. JEAN BLEWETT, of Toronto, and Mrs. A. G. Seaman, of Port Arthur, recently addressed the Club at Edmonton. Mrs. Blewett is making a prolonged visit in the north.

AT the closing of the Winnipeg Club for the season, Mrs. H. B. Sharman, a club member and critic of repute, gave a brief presentation of the revival of poetry now manifesting itself in Great Britain. She touched on the personnel and characteristics of the new school of "rebel poets," who are undertaking to rid the house of English poetry of excessive bric-a-brac left over from the Victorian period. On the technical side, these poets demand freedom in devising new forms, as lyrics without rhyme and free rhythm. Mrs. Sharman says that as a result poetry is receiving a more honoured place and is actually beginning to sell.

THROUGH the courtesy of Dr. George Locke, the Toronto Club were enabled to be the guests of Mr. J. Ross Robertson, one evening recently, for a view of his wonderful historical collection at the reference library, College Street. Nearly every member of the club was present, and, at supper, which was served downstairs, Mrs. Forsythe Grant expressed the appreciation of the club of the kindness shown. Among the guests was Mrs. Mina Shorrock, of Shanghai, who has the control of two papers in the Orient.

MRS. CUMMINGS, of Minneapolis, a member of the C. W. P. C., and Mrs. Annie Anderson Perry, of Winnipeg, are visiting in Edmonton. Mrs. Perry is on the staff of the Winnipeg Telegram, and edits a page

on the Winnipeg Post, under the pen-name of "Philistia." She is keenly interested in civic matters, and is one of the cleverest journalists in Canada.

MRS. ARTHUR MURPHY, of Edmonton, has accepted the position of Honorary Secretary for Canada of the Society of Women Journalists of England.

MRS. REYNOLDS, of St. Cloud, Minn., recently addressed the Fort William and Port Arthur Club, on Spain. Mrs. Reynolds has just returned from a two years' visit to that country.

MRS. RYCKMAN ("Olive Lanier"), of the Winnipeg Club, has removed to Minneapolis. Mrs. Ryckman made hundreds of friends during her stay in Canada.

THE members of the Toronto Club recently entertained Mrs. Everard Cotes, of Simla, India. Mrs. Cotes is an honorary member of the club. She is best known as Sara Jeanette Duncan, the author of "A Social Departure," and "An American Girl in London." Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton will publish, in September, a new book by Mrs. Cotes, entitled, "Her Royal Happiness."

MRS. ARTHUR MURPHY, of Edmonton, has been appointed a member of the Elective Commission Charter Committee of the Council of the city of Edmonton. The sittings of this committee began on July 15th, the object being to embody the principles of elective commission form of government in the present city charter.

MRS. THOMAS C. ATKINS, a member of the Vancouver Club, had taken passage on the ill-fated Empress of Ireland, but was taken ill on her arrival in Quebec and so was unable to sail. To this seeming misfortune she owes her life.

THE president of the Winnipeg Branch, Mrs. Genevieve Lipsett-Skinner, was a recent visitor in Montreal and Toronto. The latter branch entertained at tea in her honour. Mrs. Skinner visited the East in connection with her work as Canadian organizer for the International Sunshine Society.

MISS MARSHALL SAUNDERS, who some months ago took up her residence in Toronto, has left with her sister to visit Mrs. Clarence King Moore, in Rochester, N. Y.

MISS MARGARET BELL SAUNDERS, a member of the Toronto Branch, is spending the summer abroad.

THE Toronto Women's Press Club was most kindly entertained at the Liberal Ontario Club recently when a large number of the members were received by Mr. and Mrs. Douglas in the handsome drawing-room. Mrs. Douglas wore a gown of rich mauve, and Mrs. Dyas kindly poured out tea for the guests, who much enjoyed viewing the library, formerly the property of the late Mr. John Ewan, and presented to the Liberal Club by Mr. P. C. Larkin, with pictures, etc. Mr. Douglas was kindest of hosts.

MRS. C. W. PERRY, Philistia of the Winnipeg Saturday Post, is spending her vacation in the West, visiting Edmonton, Calgary, and the Alpine Camp in the Yoho Valley, and other points of interest. While in Edmonton she was the guest at a delightful afternoon function of Mrs. Arthur Murphy.

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The FIFTH WHEEL

By Beatrice Heron-Maxwell and Florence & Eastwick

CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

She hurried to Fenella's rescue. "I suggest, Fen, that you should ask Mr. Mauleverer to come and have tea with us in our garret—that's to say, if he doesn't mind climbing a few stairs. I don't know how both of you feel, but I'm thirsty!" Fenella was obliged to echo the invitation, but she did it half-heartedly, hoping Tubby would refuse. For might he not give away the secret of her hiding-place when he returned home? She decided swiftly that if he accepted, she would beg of him not to mention their meeting to anyone except Theo Pridham. Tubby's thoughts, at that same moment, had turned towards his particular little pal, Theo. He wanted to send her a message, yet scarcely knew how to frame it, on the impulse of the moment, standing there facing the two girls. Janet's invitation offered a more convenient opportunity for confiding in Fenella, whom he believed to be Theo's greatest friend. "I should like to come immensely, if I may," he said with a celerity that daunted Fenella. Janet's eyes began to twinkle mischievously. "There's nothing to prevent you—we're close there. Follow on!"

With a sharp right flank turn, she led the way up a narrow street and under an archway to the entrance. A man strolling aimlessly past the archway, watched them enter the building, and followed them quietly to the foot of the staircase. He could hear them toiling breathlessly up the winding stairs, Janet's clear voice ringing out a mirthful word of encouragement to the other two, from time to time. A smile of satisfaction broadened on the man's cherubic countenance. He nodded his head, as if confirming an opinion, then hurried away down the narrow turning and sought out the nearest telephone office. He had a message of great importance to impart, and the number he rang up was identical with that of Frank Merry—Enquiry Agent.

Meanwhile, Janet Speer and her two friends had reached the studio. "Jove! it's hot!" Tubby exclaimed, wiping the moisture from his brow, then, going to the wide open window, "You've a rippin' view here of the river." It looked different there from when he viewed it on the Embankment. Already his versatile, happy-go-lucky temperament was reasserting itself.

"Rather! I pay my rent with birds-eye sketches." Janet was bustling about lighting the gas stove and putting on the kettle. "Fen! you know where the tea things are to be found; you shall lay the table, while Mr. Mauleverer cuts the bread and butter!"

"Delighted!" said Tubby, coming back from the window. "Not too thin—and be aisy with the butter. We're expecting a few visitors who aren't blessed with delicate appetites," Janet explained, placing the loaf before Tubby and deftly sliding a fresh half-pound of butter out of its paper wrapper on to a plate.

Tubby set to work manfully, receiving commendation and instruction from Janet, as she went to and fro, bringing dishes from what she termed "the larder"—a large currant cake, of the plain description generally provided at schoolroom teas—buns, and a pot of jam.

"You don't get on very fast with

your buttering. I think I'd better take on your job and turn you on to the toasting-fork," she announced presently, then, judiciously considering Tubby's heated countenance, added: "Perhaps you'd better take your coat off, if you're going to roast yourself over the stove."

"You are kind, Miss—er—er. I don't think Miss Leach properly introduced us, for I never heard your name."

"Speer—and, so far, no one's asked me to change it," was Janet's cool reply.

Tubby caught Fenella's eye; she was smiling. Janet's irresponsible absurdities appealed to her sense of humour. Janet possessed the happy gift of dispelling what she called the megrims, and her two companions were succumbing to her light-hearted influence.

Tubby, coatless and very red in the face, was expatiating on his own peculiar aptitude for toasting bread to perfection when a fusillade of bangs and knocks on the door was followed by an inrush of half a dozen people—four of them young women with dresses and headgear of an exaggerated type, which announced their artistic leanings, and two were men with clean-shaven faces and bow ties, evidently members of the profession.

JANET introduced Tubby to one and all. He got a little mixed over the Lotties and Totties, but it did not seem to matter in the least who was who. A hub-bub ensued. Screams of laughter, the flinging of big hats into far corners, offers of assistance to get the tea ready.

"Sit down all of you and hold your tongues," Janet commanded without effect—rather, the noise increased. Two rickety arm-chairs were seized on by the youngest of the maidens, whose possession was disputed with vigor by their companions. The young men dragged forth boxes draped to represent divans. When a further inrush of four young men joined the crowd, they were bidden to take the boards—and be thankful! So the tea progressed with great hilarity and, under cover of the general babel of tongues, Fenella was able to make her request to Tubby that he would be silent as to their meeting.

"I was just going to ask you the same thing, so we're quits. The fact is, Miss Leach, I'm in a fearful fix—let myself in for an appalling mess. I've been had—no one to blame but myself. I want you to tell Theo that it wasn't exactly my fault that I didn't see her to say good-bye before I left home. I came away unexpectedly, and now I don't know when I shall go back again. She and I are something more than ordinary friends, you know. I expect she's told you something about it!"

Fenella admitted that Theo had confided in her, and Tubby went on hurriedly: "Some day I hope to be able to meet her again, with a clean slate. Just now it's best to be silent and disappear."

"Disappear!" Fenella repeated with increased mystification. "But why should you want to disappear, Mr. Mauleverer?"

"It's necessary, I assure you. Will you ask Theo not to forget me or cease to believe in me—no matter what she may be told against me. At all events, in my love for her, I'm straight enough!"

Then an interruption came from

Janet, with an order to "clear the boards and prepare for action."

In a few minutes, tables, chairs, boxes and all impediments were swept back into corners and wedged through a doorway into the bedroom which the two girls now shared.

One of the young men called: "Act one, scene one—the Floral Dance. Girls ready?" and Tubby whispered to Fenella "What's it all about?"

"It means we all belong to Mr. Harry Sutor's Blue Company of 'The Princess and the Taxi,' which leaves London for New York the day after tomorrow. This is a sort of impromptu rehearsal for my particular benefit—because I've only just joined on."

"Gone on the stage?" Tubby queried in surprise.

"Yes; I'm Francie Lorrimer now. I've given up my own name, so please forget it."

"Gad! not a bad idea. Shouldn't mind dropping mine either. D'you think Mr. Harry Sutor would take me on, too?"

"Quite possible if he knew you were Lord Brismain's son—Americans love a title." Fenella's answer was cut short by the call for her and Janet to come on. They had not much to do or say, but as ladies-in-waiting "to the Princess" were bound to join in the Floral Dance and quaint chant that accompanied it.

The Princess happened to be an art student friend of Janet's, who had developed sufficient musical and dramatic talent to be engaged as "first lady" and, by using her influence, gained both Janet and Fenella a place in the company.

Tubby sat against the wall of the long, gaunt room and watched the players with considerable amusement and also with some envy, for they all seemed on such good terms with themselves and each other.

Presently there was a muddle, followed by a pause. "Somebody seems to be missing. How many are there?" a long, lank man demanded. He danced with amazing agility and zest, and answered to the name of "Mussels."

Janet began counting: "One, two, three, four—"

There were fresh shrieks and yells when she reached thirteen. "Deuced bad luck!" said Mussels, who took the lead throughout. "It's that rotten Lancaster who's failed us."

"Beastly old Lancaster. We'll be drowned dead as dead, in the Atlantic, sure as nails is nails," a fluffy-haired girl declared, and one of her friends suggested: "Can't that Johnnie stand in and represent him for the time being, to avert the omen?"

"YES, come on, dear boy!" Tubby was dragged forward, protesting he never had done and never would do any acting.

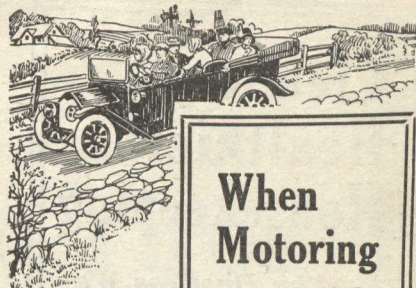
"Never know till you've tried. Just keep on saying 'Um-ti-tum,' to fill in the gap."

So Tubby was pushed into place and jostled with good-humored horse-play from corner to corner, until a pause for breathing space was permitted.

"A jolly good fourteenth, too," commented Mussels. "'Pon my word, you'd better come along with us as under-study for Lancaster. Ten to one he'll fall out before we reach the States."

"I'll sign on with pleasure."

"What name?" asked Mussels, and



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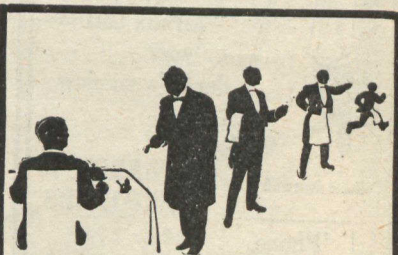
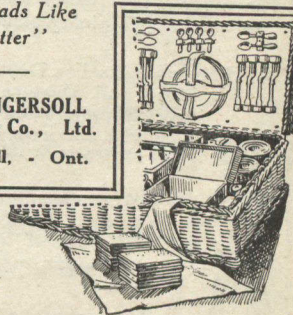
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Tubby gravely replied, "Stoney-Broke."

CHAPTER XV.

Love all—fifteen; thirty; forty—deuce! Vantage!! Game!!!

THEO, swaying herself slowly to and fro in a lawn-hammock, sang under her breath a little mournful love-song that ended with the litany: "From Love foresworn and Love forelorn, keep thou me and I thee." The brilliant tint of her cheeks, the gray sparkle of her eyes were dimmed, and the curl of her lips was changed, for upstairs, in his darkened room, Laurie lay still unconscious. At rare intervals he moved and spoke, but always relapsed again into the comatose state that so closely resembled death.

And while Laurie's tongue was tied, and the dark cloud of mystery and suspicion hung undisputed over the Chase, all the gaiety that to Theo was the breath of life, was stopped, and the leaden days dragged by heavily.

She loved her brother, and she had a girlish fondness for Fen, but the trouble that had changed her most was one that she tried to hide even from herself—her chagrin at Tubby's defection.

For days after that first terrible morning when he had to be sent away because of Laurie's disappearance, she had hoped that he would call again, and had waited about in the garden to waylay him.

But he never appeared, and once when she went for a walk in the direction of Chevening Rise, she met Sallie and learnt the truth from her. "Tubby rushed off to town days ago," said Miss Mauleverer: "horribly selfish of him, I think, leaving me down here alone with father."

"Is he away for long?" asked Theo, schooling her voice to seem unconcerned.

"Goodness knows," answered Sallie. "He said something about his plans, and I don't even know if he is stopping in St. George's square or not. Not, I should think, if he is in funds—gloomy old hole! I was out at a garden-party and Tubby was due to follow me there, but instead of turning up, he had his things packed and went off, leaving a message for me that he had gone to town. Rotten of him!"

Theo said nothing; friends as she and Sallie were supposed to be, she had an innate distrust of the handsome, spoiled, wayward girl, and did not dream of confiding in her.

"Did you and Tubby have a tiff?" asked Sallie, suspicious of this absence of comment.

"No. We are quite friends," Theo assured her.

"And Laurie is no better, you say?" "No better. The specialist does not think him in immediate danger—but we are horribly anxious."

"M'yes." Sallie reflected abstractedly for a moment, then went on. "I don't want to be inquisitive, but your brother and I are rather pals. I wonder if you would mind telling me why he did not go up to town that night. He told me his leave was up, yet the next morning he was walking about here with that governess of yours."

"He had a bad fall," Theo answered. "and it gave him concussion, so he rambled about, not quite knowing what he was doing, and Fen happened to come across him while she was out for a walk. That'll all."

"Oh—that's all!" echoed Sallie. "Then why are they saying all sorts of queer things in the village?"

"What sort? What do you mean?"

"They say he must have been running along the pineland that has been enclosed lately—and when he came to the sunk fence, he caught his face in the wire stretched along the top of the bank and fell headlong over it into the road. What was he going to Woking for?"

"Just to catch the train," answered Theo composedly.

Sallie stared at her inquisitively. "I thought," she said, "that Fleet was your nearest station, and that he always went up by the ten-fifty-three!"

"He does as a rule, but if he happens to over-stay that time, he can

get a mail train at Woking later, I believe. Good-bye!"

She escaped from Sallie's embarrassing questions, but with a sense of shame at the knowledge that she was quibbling—and also that probably Sallie knew it. Theo hurried home with burning cheeks and eyes smarting from the unshed tears she kept back from overflowing by a supreme effort. Tubby had gone away—without a word to her. She was cut to the quick, but pride made her resolve to show no sign of what she was suffering. She was perplexed and downcast. Everything was so mysterious and wretched—and she asked herself continuously the question: "Why, oh, why, did Laurie come back that night?" and why were people talking about him as if he had done something underhand or disgraceful? Was it possible that Tubby, who had always been such good friends with Laurie, had gone away to avoid being mixed up in the mystery?

WHILE she lay there in the hammock debating whether she would put pride aside and write to Tubby without telling any of her people she saw the postman cycling up the avenue, so, springing down from her perch, she ran to intercept him before he reached the house, in case he had any letters for her. He handed her only one, and she scanned the envelope with feverish impatience. It was not Tubby's writing, and her heart sank again. Then, seeing it was from Fenella, she went back to her place under the trees to read it.

Her friend wrote in furious haste: Janet and I are up to our ears in work. She has let her studio for six months, so we are setting it to rights at top speed and packing at the same time, as we start to-morrow for Liverpool, and sail in the Spartan at day-break. Now comes the best bit of news for you, my dear little chum. We met Mr. Mauleverer yesterday—quite by chance—and he came back with us to tea, just to get the opportunity of sending you a message, I'm sure. He said, 'Tell her not to forget me, and not to believe anything she may hear against me.' He has evidently been in some great trouble, and is leaving England at once. Dear Theo, I'm so sorry for you—I know how terribly hard it is to part with a great friend. But I'm quite sure he'll go back to you one of these days. I'm sorry I can't stay to write more till I'm on board, and then there'll be loads of time, and I'll tell you everything. Ever yours, Fen."

Theo was a young person who never stopped to think twice when once she had made up her mind what she wanted—and now, without further loss of time, she determined to go and see Fenella, before the latter left London. She examined the contents of the little hand-bag she carried on her arm—a ten-shilling bit and some loose silver, quite sufficient for her railway fare—and the pretty lawn dress she was wearing, and summer hat which she had tossed carelessly on the turf, would pass muster under any circumstances. For half a moment she hesitated about getting hold of the chauffeur and commandeering her father's car; then decided that would be a risky proceeding and might lead to the discovery of her intentions. Mrs. Pridham would most certainly prevent her from travelling alone to town, if she had the slightest inkling that Theo contemplated it. It was a still, warm morning, and the walk would be dull and dusty.

No matter! Theo sauntered through the gates with the air of filling up an empty hour. She stopped in Fleet, to telephone home to the butler: "Tell Mrs. Pridham I shall be out to lunch," and a few minutes later was on her way to Waterloo.

She burst in on Janet and Fenella in the final stages of preparation for departure.

Fen hugged her in an excess of joy. "You darling! I never expected this delightful surprise."

"I've come to see you off," said Theo, and then put all her energy and enthusiasm into assisting the two other girls.

"I wish you were coming with us,"



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"Hints to Housewives."

Janet told her. "You're one after my own heart—and second only to dear, delightful Fen."

Theo had to impart every scrap of home intelligence to Fenella—Laurie's unchanged condition, Mrs. Pridham's continued wrath concerning Fen, Mr. Pridham's depression, and frequent visits of Inspector Lawson. "Why does he keep on coming to the house?" queried Theo; "I can't imagine what he can find to consult father about—although he's on the Bench. It's all so queer and bothering."

Fen sighed, but offered no explanation. Instead she spoke of Tubby and what she had to tell occupied Theo's attention until they reached the railway station and joined the small throng congregated near that portion of the train marked "Engaged for Mr. Harry Suitor's Company."

Theo's eyes grew wide and began to dance when she espied Tubby on the platform. He came up with his old air of nonchalance, said "Hallo, Rag-time!" and they began to laugh together as of yore. Then he told her, in a confidential whisper, he was going away with Janet and Fenella. "That Miss Speer is a real good sort; she got me a billet off her own bat. You behold in me a budding star! Harry Suitor has promised me a walk-on part—so I'm off to America. It's the best thing, believe me, Theo darling" (seeing the tears cloud her eyes); "I couldn't stay in England and face the music. I simply had to go."

The leading lady, Miss Beryl Leicester, came sailing along the platform towards her own reserved compartment. Harry Suitor himself, and several other men, were with the handsome songstress, but she turned from them all to speak to Janet. Now that she was successful she never forgot the days when she was a struggling student at the Academy of Music, who found a haven from despair in Janet's studio. "Are these your two friends?" she asked, and gave Fen and Tubby an encouraging nod and smile. "We shall see each other on the Spartan," and went on to join Mr. Harry Suitor again. She could twist him round her little finger; he adored the kindly-hearted woman who had the voice of an angel and the ease-loving serenity of a much-petted Persian cat.

Theo was amused by watching the groups of people who had come to say good-bye to their friends, and the moments sped away until the words: "Take your seats—going on!" made her suddenly realize that the time had come for parting.

Tubby wrung her hand silently, Janet and Fen kissed her on both cheeks, with promises to write soon. Then the train began to move out slowly, and Theo watched the waving hands until a veil of tears streaming down her cheeks shut out all else. She was conscious that an insignificant little man near, watching her with evident sympathy, noticed her drop her handbag in her agitation, and sprang forward to pick it up and restore it.

"Excuse me, miss," he said, "but was not that the Honorable Theodor Mauleverer who was on the train? I used to work for Lord Brismain and thought I recognized his son!"

Theo muttered an affirmative, and then hailed a taxi-cab and drove away.

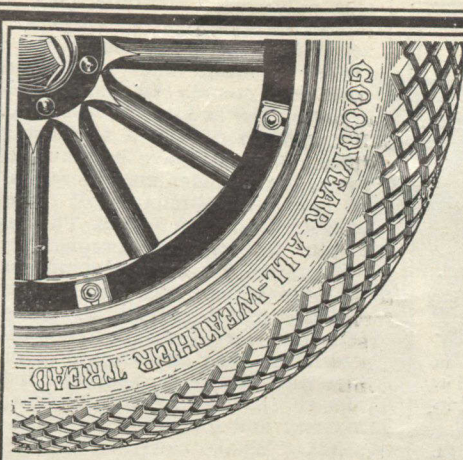
The insignificant man handed in a message at the telegraph office addressed to Frank Merry with the code address: "Curiosity, London." This was the cryptic communication: "T. M. and F. L. left in special for Spartan, Liverpool Berths engaged for S. Broke and F. Lorrimer."

CHAPTER XVI.

"Fifteen—sixteen! In the kitchen."

A SILENCE that was peculiarly oppressive hung around Spinney Chase. At the lodge gates, a notice had been hung up—"Mr. Laurence Pridham's condition is unchanged. Visitors are requested not to go to the house unless it is absolutely necessary." Consequently friends and tradesmen stopped their conveyances outside the gates, and left messages and parcels with the lodge-keeper.

Inside the big house, the stillness



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was unbroken. Footfalls sunk noiselessly on the thick carpets, and servants crept on tip-toe up the back stairs, opening and closing doors without a sound. One and all loved Laurie. He had the gift of gaining not only affection but something besides. It would have been termed respect, for an older man; for this one, of twenty-six summers, it was an unswerving belief in him. They spoke of him concisely as "thorough."

Therefore it must be understood that the whisperings and innuendoes which hovered around his name at this time were due only to people who had never been thrown into close contact with Laurie or else did not know him at all. To his intimates it was all mystery and dismay, while each one asked, "What can it mean?" and answered in the same breath, "Laurie must be the victim of some horrible misunderstanding or mistake."

To his father, it was nothing short of a cataclysm, upsetting all his plans and hopes and established creeds. Inwardly, Horatio Pridham was bruised and bleeding; outwardly he bore himself with dignity and calmness. He had courage of a cold tenacious type; without it he could never have reached the position he now held. His dogged will sustained him before a cynical world which had envied his success and called him an upstart. He sat in his library with the newspaper held before him—but he read no word. Mentally he was elsewhere. His spirit travelled to that room upstairs, where Laurie lay, and he uttered a voiceless prayer for "my boy, my boy!" Just those words were repeated over and over in his brain—"My boy, my boy!" and they carried an appeal to the Deity in whom this phlegmatic stolid Englishman believed firmly as an immutable institution in the universe, whose special vocation was to harken to distressed members of the Church of England. This silent demand for help was interrupted by the entrance of Hoskins, who murmured in hushed accents, "Inspector Lawson to see you, sir."

"Shew him in," commanded Mr. Pridham, and the Inspector appeared, with the satisfied air of a man who has carried out a self-imposed task.

Mr. Pridham braced himself up for the interview and greeted him blandly.

"GOOD morning, Inspector. Any news stirring? Any fresh light on your case?"

"Yes, sir, there is a strong fresh light, I'm glad to say. I was afraid we had come to a block, but there's a quite unexpected issue to be dealt with now. It seems that the Honorable Mauleverer was acquainted with the dead girl and wrote letters to her."

"You don't say—Good Lord! young Mauleverer—I think there must be some mistake; he didn't seem the sort of young man. . . . Besides, the girl had a good name, was respectable, eh?"

"Oh, yes, sir, you're right there. Lisbeth Bainton was a good, respectable girl—but good girls fall in love, and a young gentleman like Mr. Theodor Mauleverer may act in a foolish way and repent it afterwards. At all events, we have certain proof that he wrote to Lisbeth—an envelope addressed to her has been found at the cottage and it's in his writing. I took it up to his Lordship myself and asked if he could identify it. He said that, to the best of his belief, it was written by his son. The post-mark on it is Fleet—and the date July 7th—the date of the murder."

Mr. Pridham sat and stared at the Inspector, but he had the nous to say nothing. This was a new aspect of affairs which had never presented itself to his view until now. Lawson clasped his hands behind his back and balanced himself on his heels, gently inclining himself to and fro, while he kept an expressionless and fixed gaze on the distant tree-tops.

At last Mr. Pridham found words. "And what opinion have you formed as to this letter?" he enquired with an aloofness of tone which was intended to convey the impression that he had no personal interest in the affair.

"My opinion is that the Honorable

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St. Thomas - Ont.

Mauleverer has found it convenient to go to London and remain there. He has no wish to be questioned on the matter, in case anything uncomfortable should crop up."

"Very strange, very strange," muttered Mr. Pridham, "but was Mr. Mauleverer ever seen with the girl?"

"She was known to have an admirer who was a gentleman. A boy in the village, who used to go fishing in the canal, watched them meet at night, on the banks. He never saw the man's face distinctly but describes him as tall and well set-up with a peculiar drawling voice which he would recognize anywhere. As you know Mr. Mauleverer well yourself, sir, you can judge whether the description answers at all. I'm given to understand he has a lazy slow sort of way in talking, as if it were almost too great a trouble to say anything."

"Humph!" was the only remark offered by his listener.

"You would oblige me very much, sir, by telling me whether it's correct that Mr. Mauleverer dined here on July 7th."

"Yes, certainly, of course he did, and left early—about ten o'clock—because my son was going back to town that night and had to change from evening to day clothes."

"About ten—not later?"

"No. We offered to send him home in the car, when my son went to the station, but he said he'd rather walk. Chevening Rise isn't a mile from here, so he must have been home long before this miserable tragedy occurred."

Mr. Pridham tapped with the tips of his nails, on the table before him, in a magisterial manner of having settled that question. But the inspector only cleared his throat in a gentle and discreet manner before mentioning, "He ought to have been—but as a matter of fact he was not. I enquired of the footman, when up at Chevening yesterday, and the lad said his young master came in soon after eleven—a matter of an hour between here and Chevening Rise, you see!"

Mr. Pridham eyed the inspector with grave disapproval. It was going too far to question a footman as to the coming and going of Lord Brismain's heir.

"Probably Mr. Mauleverer went for a walk. It was a fine night, and young men are fond of exercise."

"You are quite right, sir; quite right. He must have gone for a walk—by the canal, and close to its edge, for his boots were wet and coated with slime and mud—at least, so the footman stated."

At this moment a further interruption occurred on the part of Hoskins, who announced in a diplomatic murmur, close to his master: "Mr. Frank Merry to see you, sir, on important business."

CHAPTER XVII.

Seventeen. . . "A rosebud set with little wilful thorns and sweet as English air can make her."

MR. PRIDHAM'S face remained immovable. He was startled, but gave no sign of his surprise. Rather, he conveyed to the two other persons present that Mr. Frank Merry was there at his desire. "Ask Mr. Merry to walk this way," he said. Then, turning to the inspector, "I expect you have heard of the Inquiry Agent, Merry. Perhaps you know him!"

Lawson's face lit up with a rare smile. "I know him well; he's worked often in connection with the Yard. In fact he was one of us at the beginning of his career. It's a pleasure to meet a man of such great ability!"

Mr. Frank Merry entered with a light, quick step. He might have been taken for a country gentleman with sporting proclivities. His ruddy, clean-shaven face had nothing distinctive to attract attention, save that the grey eyes—small, and shadowed by heavy brows—were a trifle difficult to interrogate. They saw everything, without themselves being open to observation.

"Sit down, sit down, Mr. Merry,"

said Mr. Pridham, after the preliminaries of greeting had been gone through and the inspector had been requested not to hurry away. "I don't suppose you have anything to say to me which may not be told to Inspector Lawson!"

"I have no objection to offer," responded the agent. "First, I must apologize for coming to your house uninvited. After receiving your instructions respecting the absence of your son, Mr. Laurence Pridham—which I was glad to hear had been fully accounted for, although the circumstances were unfortunate—certain facts came to my knowledge which I think should be communicated to you. I hope the young gentleman is recovering from his accident!"

"I am sorry to say my son is still very ill—but pray continue!"

"After hearing from you, Mr. Pridham, that any further enquiries respecting him were unnecessary, I kept the matter docketed, for future reference, as I always make a point of doing. When I once look into anything of this sort I never entirely drop it. I need scarcely explain to you that such affairs often require fuller elucidation, and people come back to me, months afterwards, when the scent is cold, and expect me to take up the chase exactly where it halted. My attention was particularly directed to the accounts of the 'Canal' murder here, although there seemed nothing whatever to connect your son with the girl, Lisbeth Bainton."

"NOTHING at all; he did not even know her," interposed Mr. Pridham brusquely.

The inspector gave a low cough, and a gleam shot into Frank Merry's small eyes under their penthouse of eyebrow, which his host did not detect.

"It occurred to me that the person who was her assailant might possibly have attacked your son. These deeds of violence in a neighbourhood can frequently be traced to one and the same individual."

"I do not think my son was the victim of any attack. He fell over the barbed wire while taking a short cut to Woking Station."

Merry glanced at the inspector, who nodded his head in confirmation.

"Then that settles the question of Mr. Laurence Pridham's accident. It was reported that the photograph of a young lady living in your house had been found in the road."

Mr. Pridham's face assumed a look of intense annoyance.

"She was a schoolfriend of my daughters, so of course they were on terms of—of—in short, a certain degree of intimacy."

The agent hastened to reassure him. "Yes, yes, I understand; and she was just about to finish her visit here."

Horatio Pridham was a stickler for the truth at all times and at all costs. Mrs. Pridham called it want of tact, and Laurie had been known to say his father was over-scrupulous sometimes.

Now he found it was incumbent upon him to give an explanation which would never have been permitted to him if his wife had been present.

"Miss Leach went away of her own accord and without my permission. She left hurriedly, and I have no knowledge of her present address."

"She went to London," Merry continued pleasantly. "It's my business to know all these little details when dealing with a case. It is on account of this journey of hers that I am here to-day. I have taken for granted that certain bits of gossip which seemed to have touched your son's name would be extremely unpleasant and annoying to you, and as I felt I had not earned the handsome cheque you were kind enough to send me, in connection with your son's disappearance, I determined to thresh out any bits of information which happened to reach me."

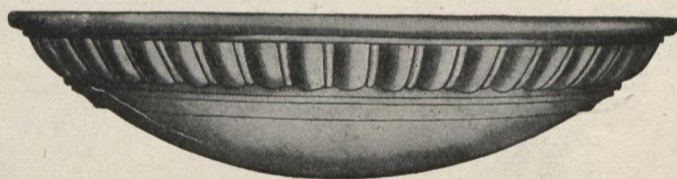
"What Mr. Frank Merry undertakes to do, he always does thoroughly," the inspector enunciated with a low chuckle.

(To be continued.)

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